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**R**evue

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1906

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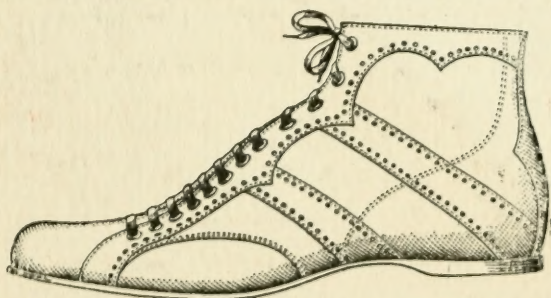
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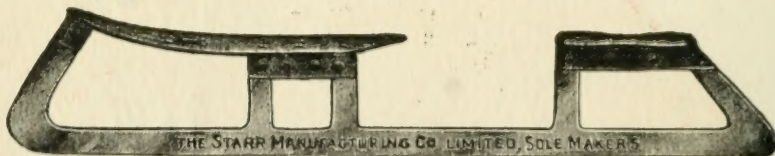
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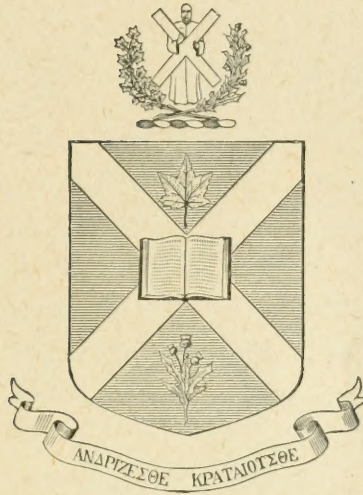


**J. BROTHERTON**

**550 YONGE STREET  
TORONTO**



# The St. Andrew's College Review



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CHRISTMAS, 1906

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WRONG  
HOUSSER  
BURNS  
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Business Manager :—GILL

Asst. Managers :— { McNEIL  
McKENZIE

Exchange Editor :—WRONG

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Issued by the Editorial Committee  
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER



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St. Andrew's College



# St. Andrew's College Review

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: CAMERON WILSON, B.A.

EDITORS: WINANS, IRWIN, WRONG, HOUSSEY, BURNS, EBERTS.

BUSINESS MANAGER: GILL. ASSISTANT MANAGERS: McNEIL, McKENZIE.

EXCHANGE EDITOR: WRONG.

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CHRISTMAS, 1906

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## *Editorials.*

The REVIEW extends to all readers good wishes GREETINGS. for a Merry Christmas and a New Year blessed in the truest sense of the word.

It is hard to realize that we are celebrating our second Christmas in the new College. Time indeed flies, especially when one's hours are as fully occupied as in school life. The daily round of duties, the various interests of recreation, fill every moment to the brim, and one completes each cycle of hours with a feeling that there is still much left undone.

It is painfully true that at no epoch in our life are we at a standstill. We are going forward or we are going backward; there is no pause in the onrush of that current which each second bears us on towards the end.

Realizing this fact, there is a pleasant contemplation in glancing back over our first residential year in the present location. It is certain that we have not been at a standstill; it is equally certain that we have not gone backward. There is but one conclusion, and one that brings satisfaction not only to those

of the present régime, but also to all Old Boys who have the interest of S. A. C. at heart.

“Are we in it? Well, we should smile,  
We've been in it for quite a while.  
Who's in? We're in—  
College!”

Yes, we are in it, and we mean to stay in it! We don't wish to toot our own horn—others are doing that for us—but, while avoiding self-complacency, we cannot help being pleased at the success which has attended each new step in the history of St. Andrew's. Long may it last!

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COLLEGE SONGS. The call for college songs was met by quite a deluge of poetic effusions. A careful selection resulted in the choice of a goodly number, which were printed on slips for distribution. Many of the calls are catchy in theme; they are set to familiar tunes, which seem to lose none of their pristine dignity or beauty in their adaptation to college needs. “Fighting for Andy” is already dear to the hearts of S. A. C. boys, and will probably thrill succeeding generations as it has many classes of Eli's sons at grand old Yale.

Good, catchy songs will always be welcome, and are sure to meet with favor. We can't have too many, especially when they are the outcome of loyal devotion to the College and her ideals. Keep it up boys—the more the merrier!

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OBITUARY. It is with profound regret, keen, yet somewhat softened by time, that the REVIEW recalls the death of two college boys.

During the summer vacation one and all were inexpressibly shocked to hear of the demise of Frank Elmore Harris, which



took place under peculiarly sad circumstances at his summer home in Muskoka.

Of a singularly bright disposition, Frank had many friends in College. His ready smile and genial greeting bore constant testimony to that "merry heart which doeth good" to all who come within its cheery radiance. Mentally he was bright and progressive; few boys have such a future before them as lay in the path of Frank Harris. Blessed with every advantage, from a worldly standpoint, and with a character of rare spiritual grace, he stood on the threshold of strong, young manhood. Then came the tragic and unlooked for end, which robbed his home of a cherished member and the world of one whose influence would undoubtedly have been on the side of right.

Shortly after the reopening of College, Elmer Bowman was stricken with appendicitis, and after a short struggle passed peacefully away. Of a retiring disposition he made a few loyal friends, who were well able to appreciate his character in the enjoyment of constant fellowship. The handsome floral offering and a contribution in money to the Sick Children's Hospital, made on behalf of the school, are silent yet tangible evidence of the esteem in which he was held by his close friends as well as by those who had not the good fortune to know him more intimately.

These two promising young men have left us for broader fields of activity, for a future brightened by the Wider Vision; they have, indeed,

"Gone into that school  
Where they no longer need our poor protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule."

---

Wide-opened in friendly hospitality, our new  
THE COLLEGE gates now adorn the entrance to the College  
GATES. enclosure. The graceful iron-work is the gift  
of Mr. A. M. Campbell, while the substantial  
red-brick pillars are the handsome evidence of Mr. Chester D.

Massey's generosity. After the winter season a suitable fence will be added. At present, be it confessed, the structure has somewhat the appearance of a bung-hole without the barrel.

There is much character in a gate. "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." There is a delightful sense of privacy and seclusion in a neat fence and well-hung gate. What is more indicative of disorder and chaos than dilapidated portals hanging on broken hinges, banging with each gust of wind, or propped dismally against unsteady posts? What better bespeaks the inward calm of hidden retreats than a strong, well-built entrance open to the coming of friends, closed to all that is hostile or harmful—gates such as one sees in English homes, behind whose iron traceries lie trim gardens, quaint flower-beds, and stately sweeps of velvet lawn! First impressions count for much, and a contemplation by visitors of our new gates will surely impress them with a foretaste of the good things which exist behind and beyond the pleasing entrance to S. A. C.

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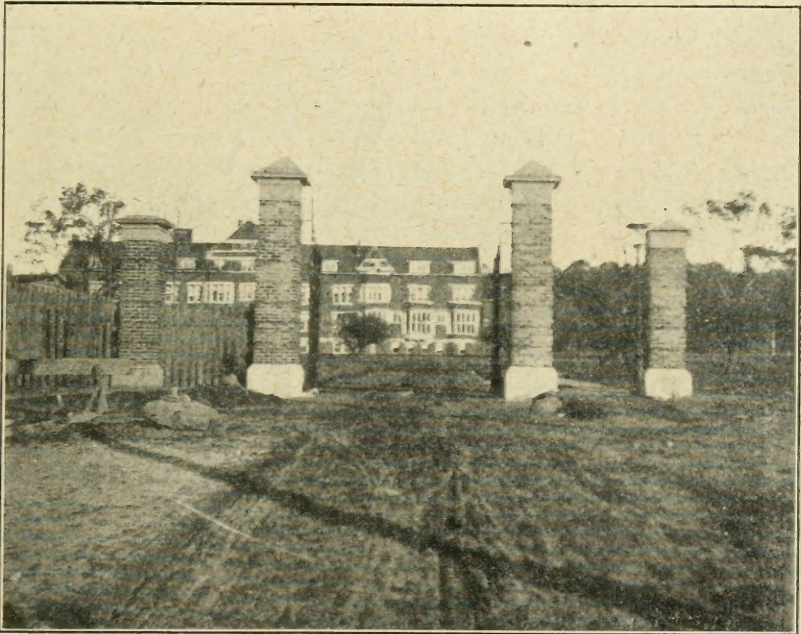
ILLUSTRATIONS. We are unfortunate in not having some snap-shots of the various games played during the Rugby season. A fate strange and sad pursued our photographic artists, as the day of each important game was dark and unfavorable. Our pictures of the teams are, however, happy mementos of a successful epoch in the School's athletic history.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS. We are fortunate and proud in having first among our contributions an article by Professor Goldwin Smith. Notwithstanding the many demands upon his time, this courtly gentleman and distinguished writer has honored us with an article from his facile pen. "The Lamp of Impartiality" is of interest to us not only because it



is written by so eminent a scholar as Mr. Goldwin Smith, but also because we have, as a college, rejoiced in the interest and patronage of one whose talents and attainments have made him so widely known. At the formal opening of St. Andrew's all were charmed by the wise and gracious words of one who is so well fitted to give counsel and encouragement, one whose broad sympathy brings him into touch with young and old. That we may soon again have the pleasure of seeing and hearing Mr. Goldwin Smith is the hope of every St. Andrew's boy.



## THE LAMP OF IMPARTIALITY.

HE novelist must look upon humanity without partiality or prejudice. His sympathy, like that of the historian, must be unbounded, and untainted by sect or party. He must see everywhere the good that is mixed with evil, the evil that is mixed with good. And this he will not do, unless his heart is right. It is in Scott's historical novels that his impartiality is most severely tried and is most apparent; though it is apparent in all his works. Shakespeare was a pure dramatist; nothing but art found a home in that lofty, smooth, idealistic brow. He stands apart not only from the political and religious passions but from the interests of his time, seeming hardly to have any historical surroundings, but to shine like a planet suspended by itself in the sky. So it is with that female Shakespeare in miniature, Miss Austen. But Scott took the most intense interest in the political struggles of his time. He was a fiery partisan, a Tory in arms against the French Revolution. In his account of the coronation of George IV. a passionate worship of monarchy breaks forth, which, if we did not know his noble nature, we might call slavish. He sacrificed ease, and at last life, to his seignorial aspirations. On one occasion he was carried beyond the bounds of propriety by his opposition to the Whig chief. The Cavalier was his political ancestor, the Covenanter the ancestor of his political enemy. The idols which the Covenanting iconoclast broke were his. He would have fought against the first revolution under Montrose, and against the second under Dundee. Yet he is perfectly, serenely just to the opposite party. Not only is he just, he is sympathetic. He brings out their worth, their valor, such grandeur of character as they have, with all the power of his art, making no distinction in this respect between friend and foe. If they have a ridiculous side he uses it for the purposes of his art, but genially, playfully, without malice. If there was a laugh left in the Covenanters, they would have laughed at their own portraits as painted by Scott. Such a novelist is a most effective preacher of liberality and charity; he brings our hearts nearer to the Impartial Father of us all.

GOLDWIN SMITH.



## THE SONG OF THE BLAZER.



H, the prairie sun is setting, and its glow is silhouetting  
All the sky-line of the ranges, pencilled clear against  
the west;

And the range is hushed and quiet save when now and  
then a coyote

Is calling to his comrades to awaken from their rest.

But 'tis not the stillness only that reminds me I am lonely,  
From the seeding in the springtime to the harvest in the fall;  
For before me hangs a blazer and it tells me college days are  
Fled away forever to the land of no recall.

And the song the blazer sings me and the memories it brings me,  
Are away beyond the powers of a western farmer's pen,  
As it whispers to remind me of the school-days left behind me,  
Till I seem to hear the voices of the fellows once again.

I can hear the prayer-bell jangle, and across the old quadrangle  
Comes the ringing voice of Halliday, who won the quarter-  
mile;

With the brogue of Tim O'Brien, who is getting quite a lion  
Since he gallantly defended a Zareba on the Nile.

There is Jones, who thought his mission was to be a great physi-  
cian,

And to drive about his practice in the smartest kind of  
brougham;

And dear old fatty Porter, who became our finest quarter,  
Till he crossed the last of goal-lines in the land beyond  
Khartoum.

Once again my heart is swelling, as I hear the fellows yelling,  
And my arm is round Trevellyan, shoving next me in the  
scrum;

Whilst away across the drill-yard I can hear old Sergeant Hill-  
yard

And the tramp of the cadet corps swinging round behind the  
drum.

Dear old Blazer! You are dusty, and your stripes are dim and rusty,

Yet you have been gay and gallant, by river, field and tent;  
And the joy with which I won you, and the homage I have done you,

Are only just a portion of the life you represent.

So 'tis thus I sit me dreaming, while the shanty fire is gleaming,  
And my eyes look into many eyes, the bravest and the best;  
Till my weary eyelids slacken, and the glowing embers blacken,  
And the stars begin to tremble o'er my shanty in the west.

[The above lines are from an old number of the *Boy's Own Paper*. They were thoughtfully contributed by an Old Boy, and are most acceptable.]

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### WHERE HAPPINESS WAS FOUND.

---

HAVE you ever heard of Professor Fuchen, who lives in the north-eastern part of South-Western Longinquus? It was his great-great-grandfather who, some centuries ago, made a mixture, the formula of which reads something like this:

Merriment .....	4 drachms.
Charity .....	2 parts.
Essence of Contentment ..	12 ounces.
Wisdom .....	6 grains.
Dilute Brightness .....	12 ounces.
Cheerfulness .....	3 drachms.

This he called "Happiness," and scattered it all over the world.

Now, Professor Fuchen was very proud of his grandfather's deed and, being a queer old fellow, made up his mind to go on an expedition to see where this preparation was most used. So one day he set out alone in a balloon, because he expected to find the place he was seeking somewhere in the skies. Up! up! up! he went, and still up higher, for he had the very latest im-



provements in his balloon. He went straight up for three days and three nights, and by that time he was up so high that the air was too light to take even his balloon any higher, so it remained motionless for another day. The Professor fell into a deep sleep, and when he awoke found the wind had drifted the balloon many miles along the sky and left it beside a huge cloud on which was situated a factory. The Professor read on the sign-board over the door:

**BRANCH G.****Western Hemisphere Wind Co.**

Without hesitating he tied the balloon to a rugged projection of the cloud and walked up to the factory. A great humming noise was going on inside, and the Professor would have walked in had he not been met by a man with one huge eye, no nose, and a very little mouth, who refused to let him enter; so he was obliged to stay out. But the queer man offered to fill his balloon with lighter air, so that he could sail higher. The Professor gladly accepted the offer, and in the course of an hour was again going up! up! up! and this continued for three more days and nights—at least the Professor judged it to be about that length of time, as there is no night far up in the sky. At any rate, the balloon would go no higher, so seeing queer animals and stars crawling around, the Professor tied the balloon to a sunbeam and got out.

What a strange place this was! Such funny, queer-looking animals! and oh! what a lot of stars, some very small and some many times bigger than he himself. What seemed strangest, though, were the hundreds of little one-eyed men who ran about in a great hurry with cloths, keeping the stars polished. So busy were they that few noticed the Professor, and they paid little attention to him, but they looked at him out of their big eye and smiled with their little mouth. The Professor hardly knew how to take this, but he smiled too.

At last one condescended to come up and talk to him, and a very interesting fellow the Professor found him to be. "You

see," he explained, "every time a good deed is done on earth a star is made here, and we are kept busy making the lights so shine before men that they may do good deeds also." "What do you use for polish?" asked the Professor. "A compound of sunshine and moonbeams," was the answer. "Fine stuff; have you ever tried it?" The Professor was obliged to confess that he never had. The little fellow then said he must be getting to work, and the Professor walked on, mystified. He had not gone very far before he came across a funny looking round thing, something like a big turtle, only it was broken right across the middle, and the two pieces were tied together by a piece of string. The Professor was about to pick it up when it wriggled away, saying, "Don't touch me; I'm a broken promise," and beyond that it would say nothing, in spite of the Professor's questions. So he went on and came across oh! such a lot of other broken promises, and all said the same words. Another strange thing with horns and six legs said it was a bad intention, just waiting for someone to carry it out, and asked the Professor if he wouldn't. There were also hundreds of little worm-like things that said they were untruths, but would not talk much. There were very many other things, some that would talk and some that would not; at any rate, Professor Fuchen came to the conclusion that the world was a pretty bad place. However, many little bright flies were floating around, and these, he was told, were hopes.

The Professor had no more time to spare here, as he was quickly running out of food. He had come to the conclusion that the world was a far bigger and stranger and more wonderful place than he had thought it was before. So he made his way to his balloon somewhat disappointed that he had not found the place where people were the happiest. He was discouraged, it is true, but jumped into his balloon a much wiser man. "I shall go back to earth and see things I can understand," he muttered. But he was mistaken; the balloon would go neither up nor down. When he opened the valve the light air outside refused to let the air in the balloon escape. Instantly all kinds of horrid pictures ran through the Professor's mind. Was he to die up in the clouds all alone! Would he never see earth again! Just then, however, a breeze gave the balloon a lurch,



and a little air came out. It started its descent, but oh! so slowly, nor did the Professor have any control over it. Sometimes it rose, but on the whole it was gradually going down. The stock of food grew smaller, and the Professor ate only enough to keep him alive. Still the balloon floated around just where it pleased, and this continued for two weeks. Finally the stock of food and water was entirely diminished, and land was not yet in sight. However, as the balloon came lower the Professor was able to let out more air. Another day passed. He thought he saw land, but a high wind prevented him from coming very low. Next day he could plainly see the roofs of houses, and to his delight he was coming down, but the wind was blowing fiercely and the descent was very gradual. At last the Professor saw his chance. On the highlands of the city where he had been hovering over was a large red building, the roof of which was white with snow. The balloon was making straight for it, only some two hundred yards above. The Professor waited until within a few yards, then threw out his grappling hook just as a gust of wind caught the balloon to raise it up. The result was fine. The hook caught securely on the chimney and stopped the balloon with a jerk. Now Professor Fuchen gradually pulled it down until he at last stood firmly on the roof.

The inmates of the building, who were some young men and a great many boys of all sizes, all of whom had been eye-witnesses of the Professor's descent, were on hand to help him off the roof and give him a warm welcome into their college.

It was Christmas Day. Bells were ringing, birds were singing—the very air one breathed told the story of Christmas. Everyone was happy, especially in the college, and why should it not be so? This great day comes but once a year and brings joy and happiness to all, especially to those who have done well in the past term.

Our friend, Professor Fuchen, had a Christmas dinner at the college that made up for the two days he had gone without food. He then made his way home (not by balloon), a happy man. He had found what he first set out to find.

EDWIN A. BURNS.



## THE TWO EXTREMES.

---

It was always the case in any school, they were to be found anywhere. The two extremes: one fellow crazy over sports, perhaps to the neglect of study, and the other a book-worm, who dreams of exams. and scholarships, frequently to the neglect of bodily exercise.

Durham School was no exception to this rule, as was seen in Jackson and Scott. The former was a slim fellow with a large head, who very seldom did anything but study, whereas Scott was a chunky chap, who was by no means studiously inclined, and who had his work before him to scramble out of the lower fourth. He was all sport.

Jackson had carried all before him in the school-work; there was not a prize offered or a scholarship that he had not nipped up easily, without any apparent trouble. Scott didn't bother his head over scholarships and such like. He had made every team in the school sports, and now, being captain for next year's foot-ball team, was worrying his head to put out the best team the school had ever owned. This was the height of his ambition.

Two or three times the school had managed to drag Jackson out on the soccer field, and there they made him exhibit his foot-ball qualities. It certainly was a sight for sore eyes to see him try to avoid the ball, and Jackson, knowing that Scott was at the bottom of such an affair, grew to hate him. Yet for all his hate, Scott was a big-hearted fellow, perhaps with less sense than he ought to have had, still he had no intention of doing anything that would in any way prejudice Jackson against him.

One day Baddington met Scott on the field and said:

"Say, old man, when we go to the swimming pool this aft. what do you say to bringing Jackson along. Nobody has ever seen him swim, and there may be some fun."

"Do as you like. I don't care, but I won't have anything to do with it," replied Scott.

So it was settled. The other fellows dragged him away from his books and finally managed to get him headed toward the pool, which was an arm of the lake. Here he gingerly stood



watching his companions as they dived with almost noiseless plunges, which spoke of long practice. It was not with a look of envy that he regarded the fellows, but rather with a wish that he had been in and out again.

Just at this point Scott did a foolish thing. Creeping slowly up behind Jackson he lifted him in his brawny arms and swung him out into the pool. There was a shriek, a splash, and bubbles; then up came a pair of hands grabbing at empty air. Seeing this, Scott was in the water in an instant. He pulled Jackson out, sitting him on the bank, and then between splutters of rage the half-drowned boy poured every available mean and low-down name on Scott's head, until the latter, unable to stand it any longer, burst out with, "Jackson, I'm awfully sorry, but I can't stand here and listen to you curse me like that!" With that he took a mighty plunge into the pool as if to drown the curses that had been piled so unmercifully on his head.

The climax came when Scott for the first time in his life began to study, not for the love of it, but because he had made a promise to his mother that he would do all in his power to try for the Hewston prize in History. He worked for all that was in him, and finally, when results came out, the order was, Scott first, 92, Jackson second, 76.

The latter had been over-confident, and as he had crushed all opposition in times gone by, he thought it could be done again without trouble. Here he made a great mistake, and his rage knew no bounds. To be beaten by that "chunk-headed idiot" was more than he could stand; his fury was intense.

On the other hand, though Scott was glad for his mother's sake that he had won, he did not try to lord it over Jackson. He knew how that individual felt.

On the morrow, May 24th, Scott, having nothing else to do, wandered down to the lake to hire a dinghy, but there wasn't one left, so he strolled along the shore and lay down not far from a dilapidated wharf. Suddenly he noticed three persons in a dinghy coming toward the wharf. Two were women and the other a man. A little girl was holding the sheet, and they were moving along at a glorious rate. As they neared the landing a heavy squall struck them, and Scott heard a shrill voice exclaim,

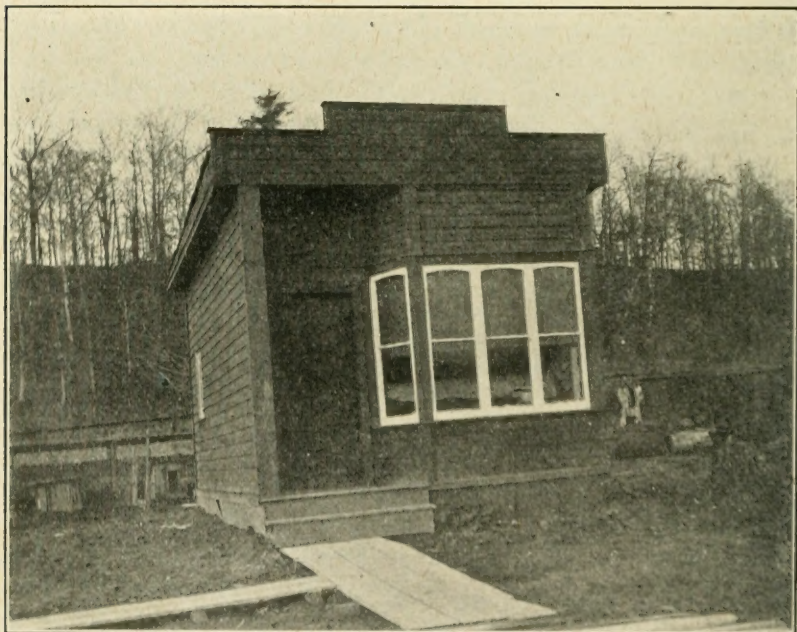


"Let out your sheet!" But, being confused and excited, the girl hung on all the tighter, and over they went.

Scott jumped to his feet and tore down the beach to the wharf. On drawing near he beheld Jackson struggling to free himself from the main sheet, which had become entangled around him and which held him above water. In a moment Scott was in the water, and seeing a little head come to the surface he caught and pulled the girl into shore. Then, standing on the landing, he tried to locate the other person, but could not. At that moment Jackson yelled, "She's under the sheet! Save her, for heaven's sake!" He then tore madly at the rope that held him. It did not need a second thought, for Scott with a plunge and a few mighty strokes, was beside the sail. A long breath, a dive, and he found her, already unconscious. It was then but the matter of a few moments, and all were landed.

Scott would not listen to Jackson's profuse thanks, and from that day the boys, though opposite in temperament, have been the closest of friends.

CRAWFORD II.





A BEAR STORY IN CAMP.

---

WE were a party of four campers on Lake Chemong, one of the most picturesque of the Kawartha chain, near Peterborough, Canada. It was our first night under canvas, and the swish of waves upon the rocky shore, the fresh, invigorating scent of the pines, and the distant cry of a loon, seemed more than restful after the din and bustle of the city.

Our two canoes were drawn upon the shore, and our tent gleamed white amid the shadows of the trees. The glow of a huge camp-fire formed a ruddy circle, at the edge of which the ghostly birch trees, the oaks and elms, stood out vividly.

Jack Leigh lay upon his back gazing at the stars; Ned Hamilton puffed peacefully at his seasoned brier; Donald Whitney, best of fellows, the moving spirit of our Bohemian enterprise, sat thoughtfully regarding the ever-changing flames. His open shirt revealed the brown throat and broad chest; his strong hands were clasped about his knees, and the firelight played fitfully upon his features. Everyone, men, women and children, loved Whitney. Earnest, manly, full of daring, he was a perfect example of mental and physical strength, while his keen sense of humor was ever a sure cure for the blue devils.

I was studying the cut of Whitney's fore-arm, in admiration of its muscular strength, when, for the first time, I noticed a long scar that stood out plainly against the brown skin. Feeling somewhat reticent, I forebore questioning him, for scars have frequently painful memories attached. As I sat looking he caught my eye.

"You are wondering about *that*?" he said, pointing to the smooth, blue-tinged line.

Shifting his position he drew up the sleeve of his shirt, disclosing two other scars, smaller but more irregular than the main one. We gathered closer about him and, filling our pipes, prepared for his story. Whitney's tales were usually well worth hearing.

"Summer before last," he began, "just as I finished at

McGill, my cousin, Barry Jones, was ordered west on account of ill-health. You all know Barry, so you may imagine this prescription didn't cause him to lose any sleep over the possible disadvantages of a prolonged sojourn in British Columbia. The confinement of a dingy law office held few charms for Barry, and he is enough of the savage to enjoy the freedom of an outdoor life. The prospect of some good shooting outbalanced all fears as to his physical condition.

"It was decided that I should go with him, and as Fred Stevens was in a mining office in Revelstoke we hit upon that as our terminus. Fred engaged a small cabin for us, about five miles from town, and on our arrival at Revelstoke we drove in a buckboard out to our 'diggings.'

"August passed rather uneventfully, some small shooting, but of course no big game. Early in September, when the days were growing cooler and the leaves began to turn we were one afternoon sitting in the sun having an after-dinner pipe, when suddenly the small boy who brought us milk from a neighboring ranch dashed through a hedge of hazel bushes, and, all out of breath, managed to gasp that a full-grown grizzly had passed within a hundred yards of the house and disappeared into the woods. Getting our rifles and ammunition from the cabin we followed our young guide in some excitement. The prospect of a bear-hunt was inspiring.

"We found Ephraim's tracks at the edge of a stream, plainly traced in the soft soil, which led into the pine growth. We easily followed his trail, until it was lost at the edge of a deep, rocky crevasse that ran for nearly two miles due north and south. In some places this ravine was fully seventy feet deep, though in no place wider than twenty.

"The newly-fallen leaves and dry soil threw us completely off the grizzly's track. After a council of war it was decided that Barry and the boy should remain on the east side while I skirted the edge of the ravine on the other.

"We soon lost sight of each other, and nearly an hour had passed when I heard Barry's rifle, fired twice in rapid succession. He was evidently not far distant, for in response to my halloo his call sounded faintly from the woods.

"I determined to get to the other side of the miniature



canyon as quickly as possible. Seeing a fallen pine, which formed a bridge across the chasm, I made for it at top speed. It was a decidedly risky passage, but I was determined to try it. Having made everything secure, I got down on all fours and started to crawl along the smooth trunk, pushing aside the branches as they obstructed my way. Below me was a sheer fall of about sixty feet, and the slender bridge shook at every advance I made.

"I had reached the middle of the pine when a loud crashing of branches on the bank ahead of me caused me to almost lose my balance. A moment later and the wounded grizzly—a three-year-old—burst from cover and made for my unsteady bridge.

"Retreat was impossible, and I thought it was all up with me. As the huge brute lumbered clumsily onto the log it shook so violently that I nearly left the scene of action in a hasty descent. The bear paused for a moment before advancing. I could see the blood oozing from a wound above his shoulder. His eyes were like balls of fire; the brute was in agony, and he was mad all through. It was a clear case of touch-and-go, and I thought my hour had come, sure.

"I gave a hasty call in case Barry might be near, and then, steadying myself as gingerly as possible, I reached for my rifle. The grizzly hadn't sighted me as yet, but he sniffed the air suspiciously, and then uttered a sudden cry of pain. He was a magnificent fellow, and under different circumstances I'd have admired and pitied him.

"But my own safety was mighty urgent just then, so I wasted no time in a hasty preparation for defence. I had slung my rifle on my shoulder before starting across, and it was pretty hard to keep my balance long enough to get it into my hands. This done, I breathed more freely, and got ready for a hasty shot. The condition was rather too exciting to be prolonged.

"At this moment my *vis-a-vis* spotted my crouching body. Forgetful of his pain he lurched suddenly forward. His unexpected charge and the shaking of our scanty foothold rattled me completely. I tottered and only saved myself at the expense of my rifle, which went spinning through the air and landed with a faint crash upon the rocks below.

"It was all up with me then, I thought. I didn't care much what happened, and as men sometimes do in the face of great danger, became utterly indifferent to the outcome of the whole business. I even forgot that I had a hunting-knife in my belt. Meanwhile the grizzly was slowly advancing. I could see his greyish-brown head through the slender branches. At each step the log shook as if ready to plunge into the depths. Then his eyes met mine and for a moment we crouched face to face. I could feel his breath and smell the strange odor of his heavy coat.

"In a flash I remembered my knife. Drawing it from the leather sheath, I took firm hold of a stout branch, braced myself as firmly as possible, and waited. Barry called but I dared not answer. The bear lurched forward. I struck wildly, blindly, at his shaggy head. He swerved to one side; my hand was wet with his blood; the knife slipped from my grasp and remained imbedded in his neck. One quick step, and his bulky form seemed towering above me. His white fangs snarled. In a flash he seized the sleeve of my upraised arm, and with one great paw tore the flesh from my forearm. As his claws ripped down my arm the pain was so intense that I grew suddenly faint. I felt my hold upon the pliant branches loosening. The world seemed topsy-turvy, spinning around at a terrific rate. And then, just before everything grew dark, I saw Barry standing with aimed Winchester at the brink of the precipice.

"When I recovered consciousness I was lying on the bank with Barry and the boy bending over me."

"And what of the grizzly?" asked Leigh.

"He was 'down and out' on the rocks below. That's all." Whitney fetched a prodigious yawn and stretched his powerful arms. "Come on, you fellows, let's turn in!" said he.

CAMERON WILSON, in *Field and Stream*.







THE FIRST TEAM, 1906



## *Athletics.*

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### '06 FOOTBALL SUMMARY.

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THE prospects for a championship football team at the opening of this season were by no means bright, as Crossen was the only old color to be found among the candidates for the '06 team. Macdonald, last year's full-back, was not available until the last game owing to parental objections. However, many of last year's second team and third team turned out and soon showed that they were of first team calibre. After three weeks' hard work under the supervision of Coach Herb Allan, Captain Crossen announced that St. Andrew's was ready to give Trinity College School the game of her life. The team that represented S. A. C. had many new faces on it. On the back division were to be found four new men, of which number three were first men. Captain Crossen, who played end last year, moved back to centre half, from which position he could general the team to a much greater advantage. Bollard, who is no means a novice at the game, caught a place as full back, while Winstanley, who has played on the Missoula, Montana, High School team, played right half. Hastings I. of Winnipeg, completed the back field at left half. Eberts, who played scrimmage, is the only other new boy in the school who caught a place. Crawford, Duncanson, Hope, Gill, Fraser, Carver, and Burton, old second team colors, McNeil, of last year's thirds, and Morrison of last year's fourths, made up a wing line which was second to none in the "Big Four" this year. Although the team was light, average weight being 145 pounds, it was very fast, and in this way made up for the loss of the advantages that a heavy line gives.

No games were played with teams other than Ridley, Trinity and Upper Canada this year. In the past it has been the opinion of all that the team could be in better shape by playing several practice games before their important matches. However, that theory will be an exploded one from now on as far as S. A. C.



football is concerned, for it has been proved by this year's showing that the team can perfect itself to as great a degree by having stiff practices and hard workouts against the seconds as it can by going up against heavy teams. The team in the past has paid too much for its whistle when it has gone up against a heavier team for the little bit of experience that is obtained, and probably sustained the loss of one or two of its likeliest candidates. One reason why the team has always had to take this chance is because it has never had a permanent coach until this year. Other years the team has had to line up against McMaster University, or some other equally heavy team, in order to locate its deficiencies. This year, however, it was different, for Herb Allan, who coached the team throughout the season, always had his eye open for any vulnerable spot or weak condition, and no sooner would he detect it than he had some remedy for it. Too much credit cannot be reflected on Coach Allan for the manner in which he has handled the team. Never before in the history of St. Andrew's College has the first team worked together as well as did the one of 1906; nor was there ever a time before when the signals were so well mastered or the team so well regulated as this year. Football throughout the entire school reached a higher standard this year than heretofore, and a question as to the success of the school in this line of sport need never be raised while Herb Allan has any connection with it.

As to the victories and defeats the crimson and white has experienced this year very little need be said in this part of the REVIEW. Ridley beat S. A. C. out for the championship of the Canadian Preparatory Schools when she won at St. Catharines by a score of 23—9. The relative strength of Ridley and S. A. C. may be determined by the REVIEW readers when the following facts are considered. St. Andrew's scored more points than Ridley at St. Catharines in the last half when the wind was blowing straight across the field and favoring neither team. That is, with conditions equal to both sides S. A. C. outplayed Ridley. And then Ridley defeated U. C. C. by 8 points, while S. A. C. defeated U. C. C. by more than twice that number, or by 17 points.

The T. C. S. game had one redeeming quality, if not more. It did not keep the spectators in too great suspense as to the final



outcome. It was rumored that T. C. S.'s '06 team had better material on it than on any team from Port Hope in many a moon. Our 46—6 score would surely make one believe then that the boys from the east were not in the pink of condition when they met us.

The greatest victory of the year came on Nov. 9th, when U. C. C. was humbled by the large score of 23—6. A full account of the game is given elsewhere in the REVIEW, and it will suffice here to say that J—O—Y spelt St. Andrew's on the night of Nov. 9th.

WINANS.

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### T. C. S. vs. S. A. C.

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THE first opportunity we had to find out how good or how poor our team was came on October 13th, when the "Firsts" travelled to Port Hope to play Trinity College School. The game resulted in a decisive victory for St. Andrew's, the score being 46—6. There was but a slight breeze blowing, and so the half-backs did not have much trouble judging punts as was the case later in the season. The 46 points obtained by the Saints were made by all the various ways mentioned in the rule-book. Captain Crossen used his entire scoring repertoire and then started over again. It was a rouge, drop-over, touch down, dead line, touch-in-goal, safety-touch, and *vice versa*. The rolling billows of Lake Ontario seemingly had some strange effect on the wearers of the crimson and white, for they would score whenever the spirit moved them. Smith I., of the second team, played right outside wing in Crawford's place, as the latter was not able to go. The train left Toronto about nine o'clock, arriving at Port Hope a little before lunch time. After lunch the time was spent in reading the bulletin boards and examining the school until two o'clock, when they prepared for the game. At two-thirty Referee Barr blew his whistle, and the game was on.

St. Andrew's had the kick, as T. C. S. won the toss and the choice of ends. Gill fake-kicked to Duncanson, who made a nice run through left middle which netted a gain of ten yards.

S. A. C. were nervous and fumbled on the first down, losing the ball to T. C. S. However, the fumble cost us nothing, for Trinity was offside on her first down. Crossen, from the free kick that was given, booted the ball to the T. C. S. twenty-five yard line. Wheeler ran the ball back to his own forty-five yard line before being stopped by Morrison. T. C. S. gave College the ball again on an offside and Winstanley made a good run for ten yard gain. Crossen from the second down kicked a deadline. T. C. S. made a fake quarter-way drop and advanced the ball to her forty yard line, where she failed to gain ten yards on three downs. MacNeil made a substantial gain on a quarter-back run around right end. On the third down S. A. C. kicked and Meredith tried to run the ball back, but failed. T. C. S. were again offside and Crossen kicked. As T. C. S. muffed the ball Carver fell on it. Point number two was added a moment later when S. A. C. kicked another dead line. Winstanley received Wheeler's quarter-way drop and ran it back to T. C. S. twenty yard line, but lost the ball on interference play. Cambell, the T. C. S. quarter, made a five yard run. On an exchange of punts Trinity lost twenty yards owing to a fumble; however, they managed to keep possession of the ball. T. C. S. saw that they were gaining very little on their line plunges or end runs, so Wheeler kicked on his first down. To show that S. A. C. could kick as well as run and buck, kicking tactics were introduced. Crossen kicked and Carver followed up and fell on the ball, making an easy 35 yard gain. College lost the ball on a fumble, but regained it almost immediately, when Wheeler kicked into touch. On a wing buck Burton made a gain through left middle and outside. Crossen kicked to T. C. S. five yard line, and Hay returned to quarter way. S. A. C. tried a buck on her first down, but gained very little. Morrison was laid out for three minutes owing to a kick in the mouth. From the second down Crossen kicked a drop over goal. T. C. S. kicked off and Winstanley received and ran the ball back five yards. On first down Crossen kicked for a big gain. Carver, who was down quickly, stole the ball, but was tackled on Trinity thirty yard line. As the Saints were now within striking distance Crossen tried another drop-over and was successful. T. C. S. kicked off to Hastings, who passed to Crossen. The latter broke



away and ran sixty yards before being tackled. This was the longest run of the day. Duncanson led a wing buck for a ten yard gain. On a third down Hastings kicked and Wheeler lost the ball in endeavor to run it back. St. Andrew's were off-side and Bollard caught the free-kick which Port Hope had. By a series of short runs and bucks College worked the ball to T. C. S. forty yard line and then kicked on first down. Port Hope failed to make three yards. Three bucks, led respectively by Bollard, Winstanley and Crossen, netted a touch-down, which was converted by Winstanley. T. C. S. kicked off to Hastings, who was tackled before he could get away. T. C. S. got the ball on account of an offside on the S. A. C. ten yard line. From there T. C. S. bucked over for their first and last try. The try was converted by Meredith. There was no more scoring done in this half.

Cambell made ten yards from the fake kick-off at the beginning of the second half. T. C. S. kicked over the S. A. C. line, but Crossen saved a rouge by a nice run. A kick by Winstanley and a run by Morrison put the ball on T. C. S. twenty-five yard line in S. A. C.'s possession. Gill got under a kick, and S. A. C., in her endeavor to buck the ball over for a try, scored a touch-in-goal. Crossen shortly after this kicked from the fifteen yard line and Hay was forced to rouge. T. C. S. lost ball on downs. Duncanson gained ten yards on a buck. Winstanley made a pretty left end run for a touch down, but he failed to convert it. From the T. C. S. kick-off Gill secured the ball, and after a pretty run duplicated Winstanley's previous performance. Soon after this Crossen added another drop over goal to the list of tallies. "Dutch" Bollard thought he would like to have a look-in at the scoring himself; so he went over for a touch down. This try was converted by Winstanley. Not three minutes after this five more points were scored, when Winstanley was bucked over for another try, which he converted. As S. A. C. had now scored forty-five points they considered the game well in hand and ended their scoring by kicking one more deadline.

The teams lined up:

S. A. C.—Full, Bollard; halves, Hastings I., Crossen (capt.), Winstanley; quarter, MacNeil; scrimmage, Eberts, Gill, Hope;

outside wings, Smith I., Carver; middle, Duncanson, Morrison; inside, Fraser, Burton.

T. C. S.—Full, Hay; halves, Meredith, Wheeler and Wheeler III.; quarter, Cambell; scrimmage, Ambery, Langmuir, Worthington; outside wings, Reid I., Drummond; middle wings, Taylor, Rogers; inside, Wilkes, Coady.

#### NOTES ON THE GAME.

In the second half, S. A. C. scored at the rate of a point a minute.

Captain Crossen kicked four drops over goal.

The consideration shown to the feelings of the T. C. S. team could be described as "very little, if any."

The boys say the reason why it occurred was because T. C. S. have a great tuck shop.

WINANS.





**S. A. C. vs. B. R. C.**

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**S**T ANDREW'S experienced her first and only defeat of the season when she met Bishop Ridley College at St. Catharines on the 27th of October. The score was 23—9, but does not indicate the relative strengths or merits of the two teams. There was no comparison between the lines. Cassels, who was touted to be rather a wonder at bucking, was unable to pierce the crimson line for an inch. However, it may be said that it was through no fault of his, but owing to the stone-wall defence put up by the crimson and white line that Ridley's bucks did not result in gains. Whenever Ridley were desirous of making a gain, they generally tried to accomplish it by the half-back route, and it was just here that the orange and black occasionally had it on the Saints. The only cause given by the team that they were not decided winners is that the elements played them an underhand trick. In the first half the wind blew a perfect gale up the field towards the upper school. As Ridley won the toss she had the advantage of this high wind, and throughout the first half continued to kick. An intermission of eight minutes was given the teams between the halves, and when play was resumed in the second half it was seen that the wind had veered around and was now blowing straight across the field. This seemed pretty tough luck, but it did not discourage Captain Crossen and his team, as was proved, for they went at it harder than ever, and outscored Ridley when the conditions were equal to both teams. The game was preceded by a heavy rain, which rendered the field very slippery. Owing to the late arrival of Referee Hendrie the game was not called until after four o'clock. The detailed account is as follows:

Ridley won the toss, and elected to kick with the aforementioned wind at their backs. S. A. C. got the kick-off and tried a criss-cross, with very little gain. A wing buck around Houston netted three yards, while the next two downs were not sufficient to constitute the required ten yards. The spectators did not have to wait long to see what Ridley's intentions were, for on their first down Maxwell I. kicked the ball to the S. A. C. five yard line. Hastings I. muffed the ball in his eagerness to run it back, and Ridley had the ball only fifteen yards out from our line. A touch-down for Ridley looked certain. A triple buck was tried,

but Carver saved the situation when he stole the ball and got away for a ten yard run. St. Andrew's was offside on her first down, and as Ridley then had the ball on the S. A. C. fifteen yard line, it was an easy matter to kick a touch-in-goal. On S. A. C.'s quarter-way drop kick, which followed, Crossen kicked to his own forty-five yard line. From here Ridley scored her second point, when Maxwell I. kicked to Bollard, who was tackled before he could run the ball out from behind his own line. S. A. C. worked the ball to her half-way line, where they lost it on an offside play. Once again Ridley kicked, and a deadline was the result. When Lee I. received the S. A. C. quarter-way drop kick he ran it back instead of trying to return it. As Ridley were keeping the ball in front of the goal posts, it was easily seen that they were trying for a drop over. S. A. C. held the rushes of the orange and black on her twenty yard line, and on Ridley's last down Maxwell I. sent the ball square over the bar for a very pretty drop kick. From half-way a fake criss-cross was used, and Bollard made a run to the B. R. C. ten yard line; but lost the ball when tackled. Ridley kicked on first down. Winstanley was tackled before he could run the ball back very far. On S. A. C.'s first down Morrison was tried for a wing buck, and made five yards. Crossen, on the second down, encircled the right end for a good thirty yard gain. The kick that the Saints attempted on the third down was not much of a success, as it was almost impossible to punt against the wind that was blowing. Maxwell II. and Lee I. both kicked deadlines, and Maxwell I. went over for a try, which was converted. Winstanley and Crossen both advanced the ball for substantial gains. The whistle blew for half-time, with the score 17—0.

Far from being discouraged, and, in fact, rather confident that with the wind at their backs they could easily score more than seventeen points, the Saints went to the dressing-room. However, they were doomed to disappointment, for when they again stepped out on the field, after being absent for only eight minutes, they discovered the wind had changed and was blowing straight across the field. This, of course, put fresh spirits into Ridley, for all they had to do now was to keep on the defensive and prevent the Saints from scoring. But with this sudden turn of affairs S. A. C. almost lost heart, and they did not realize it until after Ridley had gone over for a touch-down. This try, which was scored within three minutes after the second half had started,



aroused the young Scotchmen, who went after Ridley hammer and tongs. They made a procession of bucks down the field right over the touch-line, and a slight idea of the impetus of those bucks may be imagined when it is stated that on not a single third down was kicking resorted to. Crossen led the buck that crossed the line, and Winstanley converted the try. But as Ridley had found kicking such a splendid score-getter in the first half, she at this period again resorted to it, with the result that a rouge was scored. This was Ridley's last point, and they were lucky to get it. Not so for S. A. C., however, for they scored three deadlines in quick succession. The whistle blew for time, witnessing the Saints playing a wonderfully plucky losing game. Behind the line the wearers of the crimson and white were probably outclassed. However, the S. A. C. line was vastly superior to that of Ridley.

The teams lined up as follows:

Ridley—Full, Lee II.; halves, Lee I., Maxwell I., Maxwell II.; quarter, Christie; scrimmage, Fowler, Baylitts, Scanderett; outside, Houston, Johnston; middle, Risley, Merrill; inside, Cassels, Torre.

St. Andrew's—Full, Bollard; halves, Hastings, Crossen (captain), Winstanley; quarter, MacNeil; scrimmage, Gill, Hemming, Eberts; outside, Carver, Crawford; middle, Duncanson, Morrison; inside, Fraser I., Burton.

#### NOTES ON THE GAME.

"Pete" Morrison claims that he made his man say "Corby" several times during the game.

"Phink" Crawford didn't think the referee was looking, but he got five minutes just the same.

Flemming replaced Hope in scrimmage and played a strong, steady game.

Ridley had nearly a full team of old colors back. And so had that advantage over the other schools.

Mr. Griffith has turned another champion team out of Ridley, and is to be congratulated.

It was the first time that Ridley had ever beaten St. Andrew's at St. Catharines. So perhaps it was for encouragement. Who knows?

1906 wound up the football career at Ridley of Maxwell I., who played so well throughout the season.

WINANS.

### S. A. C. vs. U. C. C.

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WELL, were you at the presentation that took place at Rosedale field on November 9th, when U. C. C. met S. A. C. in their annual game? What presentation?

Why, the presenting of a lemon by Captain Crossen to Captain Gilmour. The boys in blue expected a cream-puff, but were handed the aforesaid little yellow fruit by the Saints. Yes, it came as a surprise to many. But surprises will happen in the best of regulated prep. schools, and "old college" is not the exception to the rule. Incredulous as it may seem to the wise ones, who handed out blue and white football dope done up in half-pound packages before the game, the score was 23—6. Certainly 23! That was the number of points scored, and as that figure signifies S. A. C.'s wishes in regard to U. C. C.'s actions, it was deemed wisest not to score any more, but let those two digits go down in traditional football history. No, we do not think it was a case to be considered by the Humane Society at all. However, as the school-house on the hill is much more democratic than Trinity College School (?) no effort was made to score 46 points, as that would have made the result 46—6, and would have greatly impaired the dignity of a grand old democracy. Still, let that be as it may.

St. Andrew's were the first to appear on the field. At 3:40 sharp they stepped onto the gridiron, and were followed a few minutes later by Upper Canada. Both teams were greeted by prolonged cheers, which surely must have keyed their determination to do or die up a notch. S. A. C. won the toss and elected to defend the eastern line, at the same time giving U. C. C. the kick. Barwick kicked off along the line to Willison I., whose gain amounted to very little. The second down was the starting of a revelation, which showed that U. C. C. could not plunge through the S. A. C. line for substantial gains. Realizing this, U. C. C. kicked on her third down. Crossen made his mark, and kicked to McCullough, who was tackled by Crawford, not getting a chance to run the ball back. A right end run of U. C. C.'s was stopped by Morrison. Willison I. tried a run around the same end, but Carver this time broke up the play. U. C. C., not being able to gain on runs or bucks, resorted to kicking. Crossen



caught nicely and returned. Mulqueen failed to gain around left end. U. C. C. were offside, and Crossen kicked the ball from Upper Canada's twenty-five yard line. DeGrouchy, who was behind the line, muffed the catch, and Duncanson fell on the ball for a touch-down. Although Winstanley failed to convert it, the S. A. C. section of the stand was one grand uproar. Carver stopped McCullough around left end. U. C. C. kicked to Bollard on second down, and "Dutch" ran the ball back five yards. Crossen smashed through the U. C. C. line for a three yard gain. U. C. C. made their first score from an offside, when they kicked the ball, and Bollard was forced to rouge. Upper Canada advanced the ball to S. A. C.'s forty-five yard line in running back the quarter-way drop Hastings kicked. Gilmour and DeGrouchy made U. C. C. first gains when they went through right middle and around right end respectively. U. C. C. kicked on her last down. The kicked ball was fumbled by Bollard, and immediately it was gathered in by Hebden. This try was not converted. Just about this time Hastings received a painful knee wrench, which forced him to retire. Macdonald I. went in at full, while Bollard moved up to the half line. A fumble by Upper Canada gave S. A. C. the ball, and it remained in her possession until the end of the first quarter. When the whistle blew for the end of the first period the Saints had the ball on U. C. C.'s one yard line, and a touch-down was certain. The score was then 5—6 in favor of U. C. C.

Gill started the second quarter by kicking along the line to Fraser, who passed to Duncanson. On the first down Winstanley carried the ball five yards down the field via right end. Carver lost the ball on an attempted run. A free kick was given S. A. C. on U. C. C.'s forty yard line. Barwick was tackled before he was able to run the ball back. Burton played well at inside wing, and stopped run after run coming at him. On account of not gaining yards, U. C. C. lost the ball on her own twenty-five yard line. Crossen tried for a drop over goal, but scored a touch-in-goal instead. Several punts were exchanged, S. A. C. having the advantage. The ball was now on the U. C. C. twenty yard line. A few good end runs put Crossen within striking distance, and he led a buck over for S. A. C.'s second touch-down. Winstanley failed to convert it. Gill followed up well under all kicks, with the result that U. C. C. men could not send the punts back.



Kicking was tried by S. A. C., and the second quarter ended with the ball in U. C. C.'s possession on her own fifteen yard.

The second half started when U. C. C. worked Gilmour for a short run. On their second down U. C. C. tried a kick, which was blocked. Morrison dribbled the ball ten yards, and Winstanley fell on it. Crossen kicked, and Barwick was tackled on his own ten yard line. U. C. C. were offside, and S. A. C. got a free kick-off, of which Crossen scored a deadline. From quarter-way McNeil and Crawford made good gains, which advanced the ball to U. C. C.'s thirty yard line. U. C. C. at this period of the game got two free kicks, but seemed unable to gain on them like S. A. C. did. Bollard ran their last kick back fifteen yards. Crossen kicked a second deadline, and in order to keep the excitement up, soon kicked another touch-in-goal. Finding the kicking game working to such advantage, Bollard kicked, and Crawford forced Barwick to rouge. DeGrouchy's attempts at line plunging brought no gain for U. C. C., and St. Andrew's had the ball when three-quarter time was called.

Very little of the play in the last quarter can be recorded, owing to the fact that nearly the whole of this period was played in darkness. The score at the beginning of this quarter was 15—6 and 23—6 at the end. The eight points that the Saints scored in this quarter were made by a converted try and two deadlines.

When the whistle blew for full time, joy unconfined reigned supreme. The team was carried off the field and everybody wearing crimson and white felt extremely happy. It was a fitting way to end the football season at the new school. Coach Allan had a great deal to do with it, and it served him right when his team won. If such an efficient coach is available next year, 1907 prospects look from here to be very rosy.

The teams:

U. C. C.—Hebden (Hemmock), back; Mulqueen, McCullough, DeGrouchy, halves; Barwick, quarter; Young, Patterson, Brown, scrimmage; Morris, W. A. Willison, W. T. Willison, Sanders, Clarkson, Gilmour (captain), wings.

St. Andrew's.—Bollard, back; Hastings (Macdonald), Crossen, Winstanley, halves; McNeil, quarter; Hope, Gill, Eberts, scrimmage; Fraser, Burton, Duncanson, Morrison, Crawford, Carver, wings.

Referee, W. A. Hewitt; umpire, Benson.



## NOTES ON THE GAME.

The *Star* stated that faster or better football was never seen.

Let us hope that next year there will be the same tale to tell. Floreat! St. Andrew!

Crimson and white seem to be the popular colors with the ladies. What's the answer, girls?

"Midge" MacNeil, the abbreviated quarter of S. A. C., passed well throughout the game.

The *Evening Telegram* said, "The obscurity of U. C. C. came before that of the light."

All newspapers, commenting on the game, acknowledge the superiority of S. A. C. in kicking, tackling, and in the other departments also.

The rooting of both colleges was much better than ever before, and was an object lesson to the luke-warm Varsity supporters.

The *News* at the first of the season said that U. C. C. was after the championship. Too bad that the *News* did not wait until the end of the season, and they could have then said that U. C. C. was very much "after" it.

The game made a great hit with some of the oldest converts of the snap-back rules, and will no doubt have some effect on next year's style of senior play.

After the game Miss Logan received the players in the trophy room, where she poured tea. The smiling face and gracious manner of our matron did much to enliven the scene.

Several times Crossen hurdled right over the U. C. C. line on to Barwick and once got the ball on U. C. C.'s two yard line in this way.

Mr. Hewitt proved to be a splendid referee, and his decisions were popular with both teams.

WINANS.

### PERSONNEL OF FIRST RUGBY TEAM.

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BOLLARD (Dutch).—Full back; one of the finds of the season. Though very light, was one of the best running dodgers the College has ever had. A sure tackle, but little weak in catching and kicking. An exceptionally good man to follow up "on side." His ability to do this was shown in the Ridley match.

WINSTANLEY (Montana Bill).—Right half; learned his football at the Missoula High School, Montana. Was rather handicapped at the first of the season by the change in style of football of the two countries. A fair punt, sure catch, and of great strength to the team on account of his ability to buck the line, place, kick and tackle.

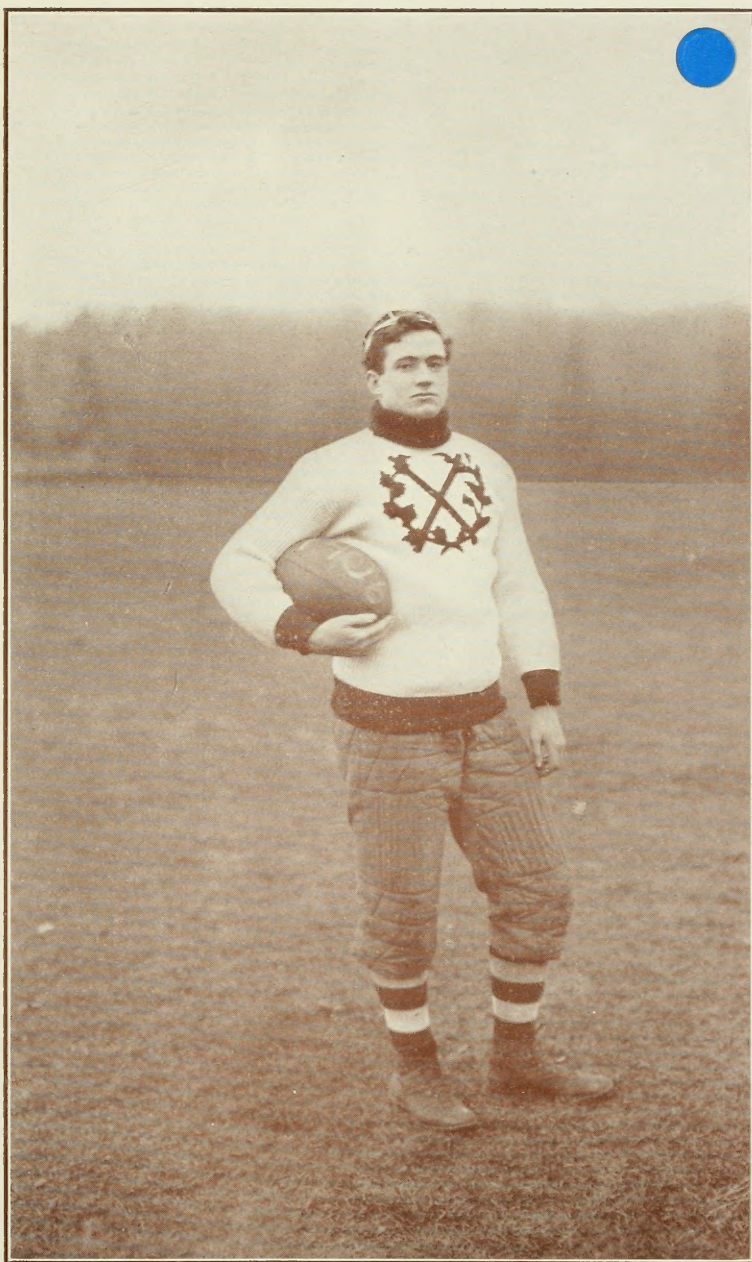
HASTINGS (Apple Blossom).—Left half; hails from Winnipeg. His first year at the game. Although not a spectacular player, he held his place on the team by his bucking and running game. A good tackle, but rather weak in catching and kicking. In the U. C. C. match he unfortunately wrenched his knee shortly after the start and was forced to retire.

MCNEIL (Bunt).—Quarter; a graduate from last year's thirds, where he played middle wing, but this year was tried out at quarter, which proved to be one of the best moves of the season. A good left-handed pass, good buckler, quick to get the ball out, and in fact everything that a good quarter needs to be, but was rather handicapped with two sprained thumbs.

CRAWFORD (Fink).—Right outside wing; a graduate of last year's second team. Owing to parental objections, was unable to play the T. C. S. game, but finished out the season with a great deal of credit to himself. A fast runner, very hard and sure tackle, and a good man to carry the ball.

CARVER (Norm.).—Left outside wing; another graduate from last year's second team. A hard trainer, kept himself in the pink of condition throughout the entire season. His wonderful tackling in the U. C. C. match was the cause of much comment. Played his place to perfection, and his following up was one of the features of all the games.





*CAPTAIN CROSSEN*





DUNCANSON (Andy).—Right middle; was quarter on last year's second team, but was moved up on the wing this year, where he played a hard game throughout the season. Was an excellent man to carry the ball on wing bucks. Held his man well and made good holes in the opposing wing line; was also competent in stealing the ball and stopping bucks.

MORRISON (Say Corby).—Left middle wing. Had the honor of being promoted from last year's fourth team. Was the hardest worker on the team. Broke through and followed up like a fiend. Was always on the spot when needed. Fine in mass plays. Tackled well and was a reliable player to carry the ball.

BURTON (Shorty).—Right inside wing. Another player from last year's second team. A very aggressive man and good on the defensive. Was very often seen to dive over the scrimmage and spoil the opposing quarter's pass. Especially good to lead the wing triple buck, but was inclined to be a little slow on following up.

FRASER I. (Doodle).—Left inside wing. Returned to College after an absence of two years, when he was spare man for the Firsts. He was a very reliable man, exceptionally good on the defensive, and also at stealing the ball. Was always one of the first men down the field, but was handicapped by a sore knee during the season.

HOPE (Bottley).—Left scrimmage, off last year's second team. Good, hard, faithful worker. Turned out to practice with great regularity and played his place excellently. Owing to a "supposed" heart trouble he was not allowed to play in the Ridley match, but assumed his duties the following week. Used his weight to great advantage in the scrim. and mass plays.

EBERTS (Fat).—Right scrimmage. Played on last year's U. C. C. thirds. Was one of the best outside scrimmage men College has ever had. Trained hard and played very consistently in all the matches. He knew his position and played it well, being of great assistance to the inside wing as well as the centre scrimmage man.

GILL (Father).—Centre scrimmage. Again another off last year's second team. He heeled the ball out quickly and well.

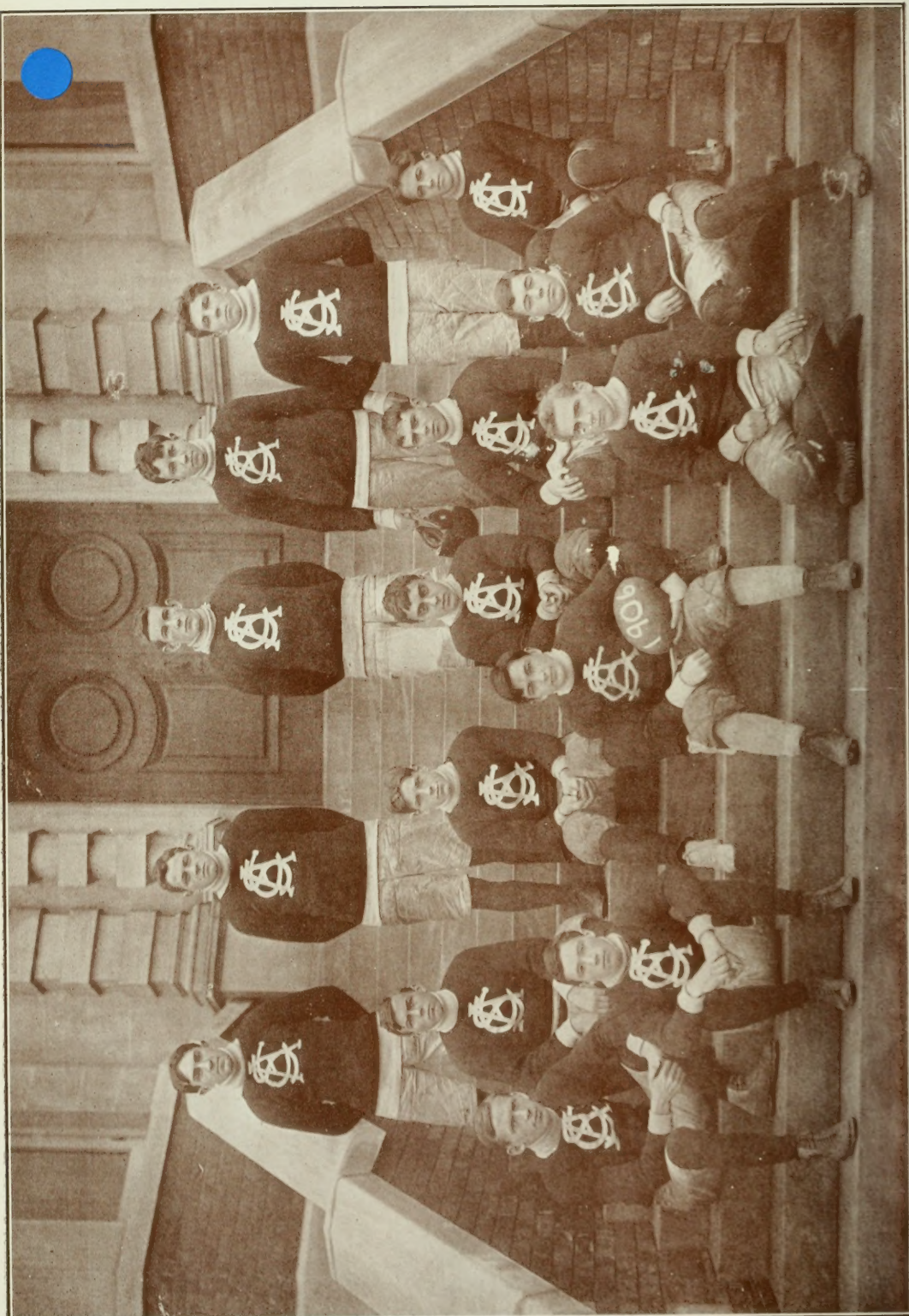
His following up under kicks was brilliant throughout the season, especially in the U. C. C. and T. C. S. games. When the opponents had the ball he was of great use on the wing line

CROSSEN (Feather).—Centre half; fourth year on the team; was moved this year from outside wing to centre half, which certainly proved to be a wise change, as he is a very speedy runner, particularly hard to bring down on account of his high step and weight; an excellent kick, both punt and drop; a great line bucker and a hard tackle. His runs of sixty and forty yards in the U. C. C. and Ridley games being features of both games, while his drop kicking in the T. C. S. game, when he kicked three drop kicks from the field, was the feature of the game. As captain he proved himself to be a very heady general, kept a very cool head and used the best play for every down. His hard work on behalf of his team earned for himself the confidence of every member.










THE SECOND TEAM, 1906



## SAINT ANDREWS II. TEAM.

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HE St. Andrew's College II. team of '06 has had the most successful season of any of St. Andrew's second teams, as they succeeded in winding up the season without the loss of a single game, winning four, losing none. This is the more creditable, having played just twice as many games as any of its predecessors. This is not the only reason for which the greatest credit should be given them, as they fulfilled to the letter their main duty in turning out regularly for practice against the firsts, thus doing their part in bettering and furthering the condition of that team.

Too much praise cannot be given Captain Winans for the way in which he handled his team, "The Pets," throughout the entire season, not only in the matches, but in everything else pertaining to the welfare of his team. Both during the practices and after he spared neither himself nor his men, in order to put them in shape. It is largely due to this that the team were such as they were. "The Pets" in these two points, excelled beyond a doubt any of the teams they were called upon to line up against.

Twelve of the fifteen colors awarded were new men on the Seconds. On the half line Grass and Ramsay were graduates from last year's Thirds, Hastings being a new boy from Montreal High School team. On the wing line Fleming was the only new boy, he being from Halifax Academy. Of the others, Norris was from last year's Thirds, Chase and Chestnut from the Fourths, Wood I. and Irwin having turned for the first time this year. In the scrimmage Fraser II. was from the Thirds, Hale and Miller being out for their first season. Winans, Smith and Macpherson were the three old colors.

Now for the games played!

The Seconds of '06 have the honor of playing and winning the first college football game on our own campus, by defeating Highfield I.'s, of Hamilton, the score being 17—5. The game was played under the Intercollegiate rules, and after the first few minutes a college victory was at no time in doubt. Dr. Macdonald officiated as referee, with a Highfield man doing the honors as umpire, both giving entire satisfaction. Needless to



say, the confidence instilled into our team by this victory helped materially in their following contests.

The next match, in which the Technical School Firsts were defeated by "The Pets," was played on the Rosedale grounds on Tuesday afternoon, October 30, but owing to the late arrival of the Technical team, the game was not called till after 4.30, thus allowing only twenty minute halves to be played. Although much heavier, S.A.C.'s opponents lacked the team play and condition which marked our players throughout the season. Owing to the excellent kicking of our backs, the following up and tackling of our wings, the visitors were taken into camp to the tune of 13—0, S. A. C. securing a whitewash. This is a particularly good showing, as the snap-back rules governed throughout the game, rules entirely new to the S. A. C. team. Technical School brought their own referee, while "Herb" Allan was umpire.

The next game played by "The Pets" was in two respects of particular interest. First, because it was the first time the Upper Canada Seconds and St. Andrew's Seconds had ever met upon the gridiron, and, secondly, the annual game between U. C. C. Firsts and S. A. C. Firsts was but two days distant. The game was played on Upper Canada's grounds, the teams lining up at 3.30. Almost from start to finish St. Andrew's had Upper Canada on the go, although at times S. A. C. were very hard pressed. While the work of St. Andrew's wings was better than in any of their previous games, the back division especially excelled itself in this game, Macpherson's kicking being exceptionally good. It was owing to his beautiful drop over goal, a touch-in-goal and deadline also scored by him that the Saints won their six points. In the second half Winans went over the U. C. C. line for a touch-down, but on account of offside interference the play was not allowed. The game ended with the score of 6—0 in S. A. C.'s favor. This result was entirely unexpected on the part of U. C. C., as they fully expected to win with ease, but although the boys wearing the blue and white played a plucky and hard game till the last blow of the whistle, yet they were unable to score against the crimson line. For Upper Canada College, Hemmeck and McCullough were the most conspicuous. Gill, of S. A. C., refereed, while Gilmour, of U. C. C., umpired.

A return match upon St. Andrew's grounds was hoped for by many, but did not take place.



The final game of the season was the return game played between Highfield and St. Andrew's, in Hamilton, Saturday, November 10. The teams lined up at 11.30, "The Pets" having somewhat the heavier team. It had been agreed between the two captains to play the game, first half under Intercollegiate rules, second under snap. Accordingly the Seconds determined to run up a big score in the first half, if possible, as they thought in the snap game the wearers of the green and white could walk over them. They did as expected in the first half by scoring 19 to their opponents' 0, and, contrary to their expectations, they trimmed Highfield at their own game, scoring 6 to Highfield's 1, Winans scoring the touch, Macpherson kicking the touch-in-goal. During the whole game practically S. A. C. resorted to kicking, our halves being able to outpunt anything on Highfield's back division. Officials: Referee, Glassco. Umpire, Gill.

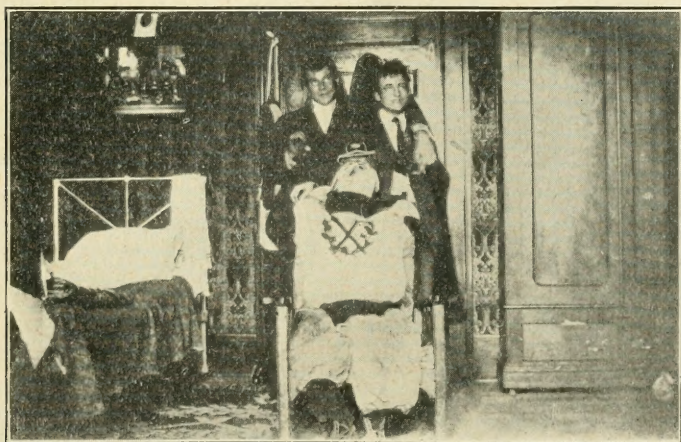
It might be noticed that the St. Andrew's Seconds during the season scored 60 points, as against their opponents' 6—certainly a good score for only four games.

With this material to draw from next year for the Firsts, St. Andrew's have certainly never had better prospects for a "Big Four" championship.

The line-up of the Second team for '06 was as follows:

Full back, Macpherson (manager); halves, Grass, Ramsay, Hastings II.; quarter, Winans (captain); scrumage, Hale, Fraser II., Miller; wings, Wood I., Chase, Fleming, Norris, Smith I., Irwin, Chestnut.


GILL.





### THE THIRD TEAM.

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HE third football team had a most successful season this year under the able captaincy of Findlay. They played five matches, of which two were won, two lost and one tied. This indicates that this year's team is one of the best thirds the college has ever had.

The season was commenced by a match with Harbord Collegiate II.'s on the college grounds. The match was close and exciting, but within five minutes of the end Harbord gained a touch-down, changing their prospects from defeat into victory. Chestnut (who at this time was a third team man) played the star game for College. The score was: Harbord 12, S. A. C. 11.

In the next match the team showed a marked difference in their play, defeating Parkdale II.'s on their own grounds by the decisive score of 27—0. Copping's kicking was a feature.

The next was the longlooked-forward-to U. C. C. match, but the team was doomed to disappointment, for although every man played a hard-fought game, they were defeated by the small margin of 10—7. Captain Findlay played the star game for College, while Gwynn's line-bucking was prominent for U. C. C.

Again the thirds turned the tables by defeating Harbord II. in the return match by a score of 14—8. This game, owing to Harbord not being able to secure any grounds, was played at the College. Here S. A. C. pulled out a victory after a hard-fought game, the half-time score being considerably against them. Clarke's following up and tackling is worthy of mention, while Dale starred for the losers.

The last and best game of the season was played on the College grounds, and resulted in a tie, the score being 16 all. This was perhaps one of the best exhibitions of junior Rugby that has been seen on the College grounds. The wings followed up and tackled well, and the halves kicked, ran and caught well. For S. A. C. no one on the team could be picked out, as every man played a splendid game.

The team lined up as follows: Full, Munro; halves, Copping, Fletcher, Beaty I. (manager); quarter, Beaty II.; scrimage, McAvity, Crowe, Milligan; wings, Clarke I., Davidson I. Findlay (captain), Bell II., Macdonald, McCullough I. (Chestnut I.).

MILLIGAN.





THE THIRD TEAM, 1906





### ALL STAR TEAM.

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HE REVIEW's selection for the 1906 All Star team of the Big Four is as follows:

Full-back, De Grouchy, of U. C. C.  
 Right half, Winstanley, of S. A. C.  
 Centre half, Crossen, of S. A. C.  
 Left half (captain), Maxwell I., of B. R. C.  
 Quarter-back, Barwick, of U. C. C.  
 Centre scrummage, Gill, of S. A. C.  
 Right scrummage, Scanderett, of B. R. C.  
 Left scrummage, Langmuir, of T. C. S.  
 Outside (right), Crawford, of S. A. C.  
 Outside (left), Carver, of S. A. C.  
 Middle (right), Taylor, of T. C. S.  
 Middle (left), Gilmour, of U. C. C.  
 Inside (right), Cassels, of B. R. C.  
 Inside (left), Willison I., of U. C. C.

In picking this team no school feeling was allowed to enter in. It may seem rather strange that the team winning the championship should only have three men in the line-up. The reason of this is because U. C. C. and S. A. C. both had a better wing line than Ridley. As for Ridley's back field, very little can be said of it, as one man played nearly their whole game. Every man in Ridley's back field caught well, but beyond that very little can be said. No matter what man caught the ball, Maxwell I. would be beside him and would return the kick, so for this reason it would be difficult to make any statements in regard to the abilities of the other men behind the line. In the Ridley vs. T. C. S. game Lee I. ran the ball back well; but as consistent work and not "gunpowder" playing are requisite for THE REVIEW's paper team, the above players have been granted positions. In regard to the men filling the all-star places the following remarks just here would not be malpropos.

Full back—The catching, punting and running of De Grouchy entitles him to this position. He was the main strength

of the U. C. C. back field, and throughout the season played a hard, aggressive game.

Right Half—Winstanley was as sure a catch as anybody playing school football to-day in Canada. He was away fully a second sooner after catching the ball than the other half-backs in the "Big Four," and in running back punts this is very important. His kicking was not as good as Maxwell's or Crossen's, but he made up for that in the manner in which he could hit the line.

Centre Half—This important position would be ably filled by Crossen, who gained a great reputation for himself throughout the season just ended. There may be some half-backs in the other schools who are one per cent. better in some special department of the game, but where is there one who can play the all-round game that the captain of S. A. C. put up in 1906?

Left Half—On account of his experience behind the line Maxwell I. is the first and last in the mind when considering the captain of the paper team. His right to a place on the half line is undisputed, as his work on Ridley this year proved. He would be a good general for the Stars, as he is quick to detect the vulnerable places on the opponents' line, and never loses his head.

Quarter-back—Who has a better claim to the position of quarter than Hughie Barwick? The winds answer, "Who?" (this is poetic license, not humor). He could catch punts as well as anybody playing the game. His passing out was accurate, especially in the U. C. C. vs. B. R. C. game.

Centre Scrimmage—When awarding the three scrimmage positions the man who did nothing but get into scrimmage and fight did not get on. On the other hand, the man who played the best game after the ball was out now figures in the line-up. Gill heeled the ball out cleanly, but, most important, he followed down fast under all punts, and invariably got the man who was catching the ball. He is the only scrimmage man this year who made a touch-down. And, all things considered, he gets centre scrimmage in a walk.

Right Scrimmage—Scanderett, who played on the wing line in the B. R. C. vs. T. C. S., was shifted into the scrimmage when Risely got into his last year's position, and against S. A. C. and U. C. C. he played a hard, straight game, not resting on his oars from one scrimmage to another, but into the game all the time.



Left Scimmage—From all appearances, T. C. S. made a mistake in not playing Langmuir on the wing line instead of in scrimmage. When the opposing side had the ball Langmuir would play wide of the wing line, and in this way he was able to get into plays that he otherwise would not have been in.

Outside (Right)—It is not very difficult to choose the two outside wings. S. A. C. were fortunate enough to have two this year that so far eclipsed the nearest candidates as to leave no doubt in the mind of THE REVIEW as to who should get the positions. Crawford, of S. A. C. has been chosen as the right end man. Any run attempted around the right end by the opposing team generally came to a sudden ending. Crawford proved himself to be a splendid ground-gainer, and he often carried the ball from ten to fifteen yards at a run.

Outside (Left)—Another St. Andrew player got the other outside wing. This was Carver, who came in for so much newspaper praise. His work looked to the wise ones as if it had "senior company" branded all over it. His tackling was sure, and his following up was of the best order. The only other man who was at all likely or who could be considered is Houston, of Ridley, but Taylor, of Port Hope, circled Houston's end of the line several times in the T. C. S. game, and on the whole his work was not consistent enough to warrant him a place.

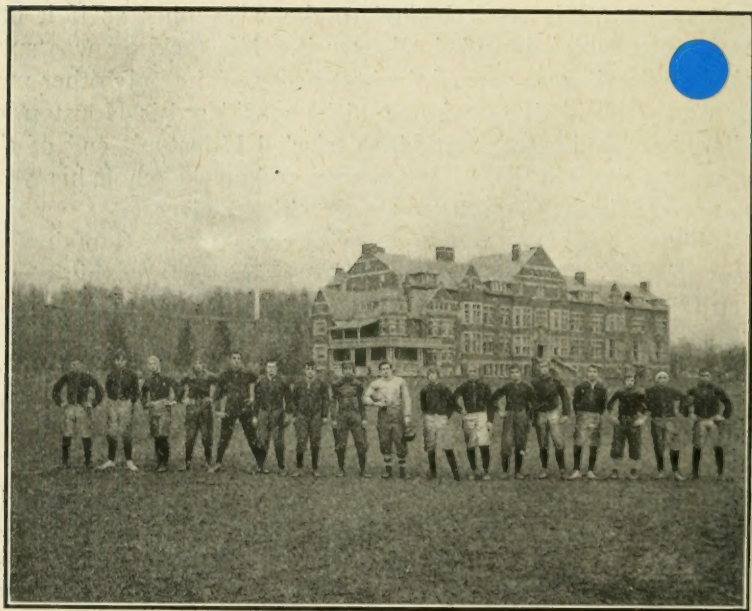
Middle (Right)—It may surprise some to see Captain Gilmour, of U. C. C., down to fill this position. Many things are taken into consideration when this selection is made. Although Gilmour is a good tackler, he is not good enough to beat Carver or Crawford out for the end positions; but then, on the other hand, he is a better tackler than any middle wing in the four schools. His weight, combined with his speed, entitles him to the place.

Middle (Left)—Taylor, of T. C. S., is awarded left middle wing. Undoubtedly one of the best wing men of the year, but greatly handicapped by the poor support he received. He was the greatest ground-gainer T. C. S. had, and would frequently get away for gains when playing against Ridley, S. A. C. and U. C. C. He was also a good tackle.

Inside (Right)—The strongest man on the Ridley line was Cassels. He was a better defensive player than offensive. All Ridley bucks were led by him, and he was into all plays, no

matter which side was in possession of the ball. His weight was valuable in giving protection to the quarter. Altogether he is a fine inside wing for all star team.

Inside (Left)—For this other inside wing there are several good men, but of them all Willison I., of U. C. C., seems to have it by a trifle over the best. Willison I. was held less on his runs with the ball than any other man on the U. C. C. line. He shone well in the S. A. C. game, and scored a try in the Ridley game by straight, hard bucks. Nor does his usefulness hold true only on the offensive, but also on the defensive. He was a hard man to get past, and would materially strengthen the XMAS REVIEW's All Stars.







## RECORD OF LOWER SCHOOL FOOTBALL MATCHES.

ON a bright, sunny afternoon a challenge was sent forth to the captain of the "Tecumsehs" for the arrangement of a match. At three o'clock we lined up and played an excellent game on both sides. At half-time the score was 5—0 in favor of our opponents, and then the whistle blew. We started once more. We held them down finely. They made only three more rouges, which made them 8—0. It was, indeed, an excellent game by our side, because their weight and age were far ahead of us.

On another afternoon St. Thomas' Choir came up to play us. They were beaten badly by a score of 37—0.

Next we arranged a match with St. Alban's, and won by a score of 35—0 on our grounds.

Harbord V., seeing that we were worthy of a game, chal-

lenged us on our own grounds. We succeeded in sending them home with a score of 15—5 in our favor.

Later on the blue and white boys paid us a visit. They had a very light team, and were not able to hold us down. We ran right through them, although they played a plucky game. We scored 23 points in the first half. When McKnight, our left half, obtained possession of the ball, they were unable to stop him, and the crimson and white went like a flash of lightning across the field. The game ended in our favor by the score of 35—0.

A return match was played at St. Alban's, when they put on most of their first team fellows. We held them down well, and they only won by a score of 15—5.

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### PERSONNEL OF LOWER SCHOOL RUGBY TEAM.

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**B**ICKNELL— Makes a good captain and centre half; good rusher, fair in kicking and catching.

MONRO—Manager; right middle wing; nice wing; fine catch, kick and tackle; hardly ever misses ball; showed up well in return game with U. C. C. as centre half.

McKNIGHT—Left half; fine rusher, tackle, catch and kick, never a man passes him, fastest rusher and best player on team; showed up well in first game with U. C. C.

McCOLL—Nice right half; good kick, catch and tackle; fine rusher with light team.

ELLIOT II.—Full-back; fair catch, fine tackle, good rusher with light team.

HILLMAN—Nice outside wing; always brings down his man.

FOSTER—Fine outside wing; always brings his man down; tackles low and well.

KEMP—Good quarter, good catch, hardly ever loses his head.

YUILE—Centre scrim; good in scrummage, holds his wings and puts ball out well.



SUTHERLAND I.—Right scrim; holds his wings well; good in leading a wing buck.

HERTZBERG—Left scrim; holds wings well, but gets off-side frequently.

MORPHY—Inside right; holds wings well; fine tackle.

ABENDANA II.—Inside left; holds wings splendidly; nice tackle.

PATERSON I.—Centre left; holds wings nicely; fair tackle.

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### HOCKEY PROSPECTS.

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HOCKEY prospects for this coming season are not as favorable as in past years. But, if all accounts are true, no doubt we can turn out a team that will not disgrace us.

Of last year's team there are just Macdonald and Crossen back, but with Macpherson, Kilgour and MacNeil of last year's second team, and the new material that has shown up, we feel confident that we can defend last year's honors quite favorably. We have Lowis, one of Brampton's star players; Bell, of last year's St. John's College team; Hastings II., who played spare for last year's championship Montreal High School team. The competition for goal will be very keen, as there are five candidates for the position. Humphrey, of the All Saints' team; Winans, of last year's Thirds; McAvity, of the Y. M. C. A. St. John team, are the most likely ones. Point, we have Bell, whom we have mentioned before, and Hale, of last year's Thirds. Cover-point, we have Macpherson, of last year's Seconds, and Crossen, captain of last year's Firsts. Rover, Macdonald, an old color, who played right wing on last year's Firsts, will no doubt play rover. Centre—We have Graham, Kilgour and Hastings II. This position will likely be strong. Right wing, Lowis, Carling, of whom mention has been made before. Left wing, MacNeil and Forgie.

We hope this year the rinks at the college will be better, and junior teams will have a better chance to learn the game than ever before.

MACNEIL.

## THE INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORTS.

 N Friday, October 5th, through the energies of Mr. Chapman, a track team to represent St. Andrew's College in the Interscholastic Sports was formed, being the first year that college has entered a team in this meet. There was not a great deal of interest taken in it, as everybody was thinking more of football. Mr. Chapman got together the winners of the different events in our own meet of last spring, and tried to get them into condition to run in a week and a half, and it was through Mr. Chapman's untiring efforts that we made as good a showing as we did. Mr. Chapman picked the team, who elected Crossen as captain. He also was captain of the football team, and on this account was greatly handicapped, as well as others of the team. In the following one will see that it was due to the lack of training and not lack of ability that the team did not make a better showing.

The first event in which we had a representative was the 100 yards dash. Crossen carried the colors, and he won the first heat in the same time as the final heat. In the final heat he got away to a very poor start, which was not altogether his fault, but as it was he ran a splendid race, and finished third.

The 220 yard dash—Bollard ran a beautiful race for College until about twenty yards from the finish, where lack of condition beat him.

The 440 yard run—Gill got away to a splendid start, leading until fifty yards from finish, when he died away and was beaten.

Half mile run—Burton represented College. He ran in perfect form, easily outclassing his opponents in this respect, but, as usual, condition told, and he was beaten out.

One mile run—We found ourselves up against one of the best mile runners in Toronto, but Knox, who was upholding our colors, ran a magnificent race. His form was perfect, and his running splendid, but he was beaten out in the last few yards by a small margin.

Shot put (16 lbs.)—In this event the hopes of the College centred on Crossen, who won second, only being beaten by four inches for first. His form was pretty, and was greatly admired by all.



High jump—Burton, although sick, went into this event, and did exceedingly well, jumping in his own peculiar way, and no doubt he would make an excellent jumper if in the hands of a coach. He got second.


The hurdles (120)—Crossen carried our colors to a splendid victory, winning our only first of the day, and breaking the Interscholastic record for this event by three-fifths of a second. This race was the most exciting of the day. Crossen, after getting away to a very poor start, gained his ground in three hurdles and caught the leading man, and they ran like a team over all but the last hurdle, in which Crossen took the lead by a leap, winning by about four feet.

Relay race—College was represented by Findlay, Bollard, McAvity and Grass. The team ran a very good race, and finished a good third. This event ended the day's sport in which St. Andrew's team showed fine grit and form. J. P. McNEIL.

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## BASKETBALL.

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HROUGHOUT Canada to-day basketball is fast gaining popularity, and it has already become the national winter game of the United States. For the first few years of its existence it was confined mostly to Y. M. C. A.'s, but now we find in addition all the prominent colleges, athletic clubs and schools in the country maintaining and supporting representative teams. The boys of S. A. C. who do not understand basketball would only need to witness a few games to appreciate what splendid sport it is. Some say that basketball is a rough game. Like all games, it can be made very rough, and it is claimed that there is no game being played to-day that offers more opportunity for rough and tricky playing. As a physical developer it has no superior. Every muscle in the body is brought into play. A boy must learn to think fast and move fast. It includes, in fact, all the desirable features that have made other games so valuable. Basketball belongs to the same class of games as hockey and football. It calls for exactly the same moral elements, the same spirit of self-subordination, and demands even more self-control.


The Athletic Association has gone to the expense of fitting up the gymnasium with all the apparatus required for playing the

game, and there is no reason why a great deal of sport might not be derived from basketball this winter. The fellows are fortunate in having the services of Mr. Chapman, a splendid coach, who understands the game perfectly, and who could before the winter season is over have a team that would be capable of upholding the good name the school has already attained in athletics. A schedule will soon be drawn up, and it is to be hoped that many exciting games will take place between the different flats and forms during the winter months. WINANS.

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### CROSS-COUNTRY RUN, 1906.

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 HE Executive of the Athletic Association must assuredly have been inspired when, in choosing a date for the running-off of our annual cross-country, they fixed upon Monday, November 19th, as the day; for, despite the cold showers and gusty winds of the preceding week, it proved to be one of our perfect Canadian autumn days.

Accordingly, in response to the decree of the Executive, our fleet-footed gentry turned out in goodly numbers (thirty-three, to be exact) on Monday afternoon, lined up just beyond the college gates, and at 3.57 Mr. Chapman gave the word and they were off over the difficult course of five and a half miles. The course was identical with that of last year.

Just here, lest anyone should be laboring under the delusion that the aforementioned thirty-three were running for the fun of it, I will explain that the winning of the cross-country is rightly held one of the highest honors to be won in the college, and also that the later arrivals are not utterly disregarded.

The first to cross the tape at the finish wins his shield on the Wallace Cup, our cross-country trophy, and a handsome gold medal; the second, a silver medal, and the third a bronze. Those who finish behind these are somewhat consoled by becoming, for an exciting and strenuous five minutes, the most popular and certainly the most sought-after fellows in the school. To the uninitiated who desire an explanation of this seeming phenomena we would merely inform them that each form awards a cake to the first from its ranks over the tape. There are also a few cakes to the possession of which boarders only are eligible. We leave it to our readers' imagination as to the close and personal friend-



ship all feel for the fortunates who qualify for the aforesaid cakes.

But to return to the runners. It had been generally agreed that the race was between Knox, Fred. McDonald, Parsons and Findlay, and as the nearest stewards drifted in, their reports seemed to show this was the case. But it was all guesswork as to the probable winner until the cry arose, "They're coming," and two wearers of the red and white dashed into view. The momentous question of which out of the thirty-three would win had resolved itself into a struggle between Findlay and Knox. Both were sprinting their hardest, and were neck and neck right up to the last hundred yards, when Findlay managed to put on more steam, and crossed the line as winner, closely followed by Knox. Time, 32 minutes 48 seconds. Twenty seconds afterwards Grass crossed the tape for third place, and then the cake-winners began to pile over the line. Findlay's time, 32.48, was extremely good, being but a few seconds behind last year's record made by Gill over the same course.

Half an hour later Mr. MacDonald announced himself as ready to proceed with the awarding of the cakes. This important ceremony many hungry friends of the winners had been waiting with ill-concealed impatience, but their gleeful smiles came off when the Principal summoned all boys to the foot of the main stairs and told them to stay there till the last cake-winner had disappeared upstairs with his trophy and had had time to make such preparations as he should consider necessary for the raid which was sure to follow. However, this precaution did not augment the earthly existence of the cakes by many moments, and ten minutes after the first cake-winner disappeared upstairs there was not a vestige of a cake to be seen.

The medals for the winner, second and third will be awarded in the near future, and with that ceremony the cross-country run of 1906 will pass into history.

The Junior cross-country was run off Friday afternoon, November 30th, over a course about three miles in length. The first over the tape was Bicknell, who had easily outdistanced all his competitors; the second was Smith, and the third Sutherland II. Bicknell ran in great form, taking but 18 minutes for the whole course, and others, too, showed that College will not lack material for her future cross-country runs.

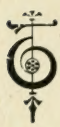
IRWIN.

## Miscellany.

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### FRESHMAN IMPRESSIONS.

---

 HE first sensation in the mind of the verdant Freshman as he enters College in all his simple-mindedness is one of absolute unimportance. He is a mere cog in the cruel machine of instruction. His existence is unnoticed save by a few, and no one cares whether he lives or not. But this pathetic feeling wears off gradually—the Freshman is spoken to by great men, such as seniors; he carefully subscribes for *'Varsity*, joins the "Union," enrolls with the professors, and ostentatiously writes '10 after his name! He is now a real University man, and nothing in heaven or earth can move him—except exams.

There is a very wide gulf fixed between prep. school life and college life. The school boy at *'Varsity* soon discovers that he has forever left "detention" in the dim past, and cheerfully wastes the golden moments of his budding manhood in the convenient billiard-rooms of the Students' Union. He also learns to smoke cigarettes in the very face of authority without fear of the principal's cane. This freedom is bliss itself!—to saunter in to a lecture at your own sweet will; to forsake Latin prose for a trip down town, and to fearlessly say, "Not prepared, sir," to long-suffering instructors. It takes time and care to get out of prep. school ways. "Please, sir!" will come out unexpectedly, and it requires wonderful perseverance to keep from raising your hand and snapping your fingers. The professors are still called masters sometimes, and the lectures, periods; but these barbarisms die out, and school mannerisms are obliterated.

By far the most distinctive feature of the University, the most noticeable characteristic in the whole institution from the library to the tennis-courts, is the legion of women students, called in its incipient stages "Freshettes," or "Freshets." They are everywhere—omnipotent and in strong numbers. They always attend every possible lecture, and invariably have their work



well done, to the discomfiture of the—other students. There is one story well known to the Freshman now writing, of two fellows who set out for a certain German lecture. They arrived and found themselves the only masculine element in a class of thirty German-loving girls. The youths were naturally timid, and tossed a coin to know whether to follow valor or her better part. It came down tails, and they fled!

It is often quite hard for the uninitiated to find the proper lecture-rooms, and still harder to know what the lecture is about. One man, it is said, went boldly in to what he thought was second year Psychology, and after industriously taking notes for an hour, found that the lecture was on fourth year Constitutional Law.

The sub-Freshman who has dreams of students in academic gown and mortar-board, will be sadly disillusioned. The usual agitation for the gown occurred this year, with a magnificent result. Six nervous men appeared at nine o'clock in academic costume, and one by one the gowns disappeared, until things resumed their usual appearance. At present the faculty and the women are unfortunately the only supporters of the traditional attire.

The writer's impressions of the "hustle" are vague. With several other discreet Freshmen, he viewed this interesting affair from a dignified distance, and delivered as to the folly of rolling in the mud unnecessarily. The "rushes" this year were second only to football practice in the noble art of crippling and slaying the undergraduate body.

But with all the defects of University life in Toronto, the experience is quite worth while, with its strong, democratic teaching and "superb polishing process." And one thing quite evident is that men from St. Andrew's are as well equipped for scholarly and other attainments—even for the horrors of analytical geometry, as the graduates of any other school.

C. VINCENT MASSEY.

## RUBAÍYÁT OF A SATURDAY MORNING DETENTION LIST.

---

WAKE! For although it still is early morn,  
You must to school your way with feet forlorn  
Take, to sit there and scribble line on line,  
On such a day, alas! who would not mourn?

Arise! You should but now be on the wing,  
In ten short minutes more the bell will ring,  
Jump from your downy bunk. To-day you pay,  
Because the day before you had your little fling.

Within that green-walled room, fast scratching lines,  
Until your brow with perspiration shines.

The yellow sun streams in upon the walls.  
Ah, sir, will you please let me draw the blinds?

A fountain pen, sitting on yonder seat,  
At times a shuffling with your muddy feet,  
And then there's more detention, so look out.  
Alas; That page looks very far from neat.

Were it not folly, spider-like, to spin  
The thread of present life away in sin?  
What good did raising Cain e'er do to you?  
If this goes on, by Christmas you'll be thin.

The master's finger writes, and, having writ,  
Moves on, but sometimes piety and wit  
May lure the Principal to cancel half a line,  
Or you, with tears, wash out a word of it.

Through the forbidden door and fenceless gate  
I roamed, and railed against my hopeless fate.  
Oh, why do I obey the masters here?  
Why get detention if I once am late?



Oh, Jove! Could you and I with fate conspire,  
Place the detention book within the fire,

Would not we fall upon our knees with joy?  
For that would be the very heart's desire.

Soon when yourself with heavy foot shall pass  
Without the gate for the last time, alas!

Ah! pity then the wretches yet to come,  
Feel sorry for each poor but harmless ass.

E. M. W.

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### SCHOOL CALENDAR.


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- Sept. 11—Boarders should all be in.  
 Sept. 12—School commences.  
 Sept. 18—Football practices begin.  
 Sept. 20—Athletic Association elections.  
 Oct. 2—Elmer Bowman passes away.  
 Oct. 5—Interscholastic games take place.  
 Oct. 8—Crimson and white goal posts erected.  
 Oct. 10—S. A. C. II. defeat Highfield I., 17—5.  
 Oct. 13—S. A. C. I. defeat T. C. S., 46—6,  
 Oct. 17—School closes for Thanksgiving term.  
 Oct. 18—First football team goes for 18-mile walk.  
 Oct. 22—School reopens after Thanksgiving.  
 Oct. 27—S. A. C. defeated by Ridley I., 23—9.  
 Oct. 30—S. A. C. II. defeat Technical School, 13—0.  
 Nov. 8—S. A. C. II. defeat U. C. C. II., 7—0  
 Nov. 9—S. A. C. I. defeat U. C. C. I., 23—6,  
 Nov. 10—S. A. C. II. defeat Highfield, 24—1.  
 Nov. 19—Annual cross-country run. Findlay wins.  
 Nov. 30—Football pictures are taken, also Junior House  
 cross country takes place.  
 Dec. 1—Skating rinks behind school are completed.  
 Dec. 4—THE REVIEW goes to press.  
 Dec. 10—Annual football dinner takes place.  
 Dec. 18—THE REVIEW is given out.  
 Dec. 20—School closes for the Christmas recess.

W. W. W.

## CADET CORPS.

---

HE official reorganization of the Cadet Corps took place early in October, when the election to fill the vacancies among the commissioned and non-commissioned officers was held.

There were five vacancies altogether, those of captain, first lieutenant, second lieutenant and two sergeants. Mr. White was selected by Dr. Macdonald to fill the captaincy, and this selection was heartily approved of by all who knew Mr. White's executive ability.

Sergeant Gill was elected first lieutenant, Sergeant Duncanson second lieutenant, and Privates Burton and McPherson I. were elected to fill the vacant positions as sergeants.

Sergeant Hatt, attached to the 48th Highlanders, who drilled the corps last year, and who will do so again this, gave a short address on the advantages of a knowledge of military drill, which was received with hearty applause by those present.

The first drill was held as soon as the uniforms were given out. The drills at first consisted of marching, company and arm drill, but lately Sergeant Hatt has been giving skirmishing drill, which is very interesting.

The corps was unable to turn out to church with the 48th Highlanders on Sept. 24th, as no drills whatever had been held on account of football taking up all spare time. However, there will be plenty of more opportunities for the Cadets to make their appearance before the public in 1906-07.

The officers of the corps are endeavoring to bring the strength up to seventy-five all told, and they anticipate little difficulty in doing so.

A Cadet Corps dance will be held towards the end of January next. Tickets will be sold to friends of the College, and the money will go towards paying for the uniforms and new shell jackets, the purchase of which is contemplated.

The Cadets have full privilege to use the rifle butts at Long Branch, and the Armouries, and it is hoped that they will make good use of this opportunity, as good shooting is, of course, essential to a crack corps.

On the whole, the prospects this year for a splendid all-round



Cadet Corps at St. Andrew's College are first-class, and all join in wishing the corps the best of luck.


The following is a list of the officers: Captain, Mr. J. H. White; First Lieutenant, R. J. Gill; Second Lieutenant, A. E. Duncanson; Color-Sergeant, Wood I.; Sergeants, Hope, Burton, Macpherson.

A. E. DUNCANSON.

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### STORM ON MUSKOKA LAKES.

---

ER land and lake there lies a stillness dread,  
The calm that heralds an approaching storm.  
The sun floats, hidden from the darkened earth  
By banks of billowy grey, that ominous hang.  
The water glitters with uncanny light,  
As still as polished steel it brooding lies;  
While now and then a distant mutter tells  
Of that fierce tempest that will soon break out.  
The stillness deepens, and all living things  
Fly to their homes. A distant glow of life,  
The mutterings draw nearer, while the pines  
Shiver with fear at that yet unseen thing.  
At last the storm is loosed. With mighty sweep,  
And white and brilliant flash, the heavens split.  
The crash of doom rings out upon its heels.  
The winds awake from sleep, and battling rage.  
The water leaps as with a whip 'twere struck,  
And fiercer still the din, and brighter yet,  
Till trees fall headlong to their rotting ruin,  
And rain sweeps down with stinging drops of steel  
Molten in heaven by lightning's brightest flame.  
Thus Nature struggles with her loosened might,  
Till night subdues the tortured elements,  
And calm descends on troubled earth once more.

E. M. W.

✓

### OLD BOYS' DOINGS.

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The following is a list of St. Andrew's College Old Boys attending the University at present:

Arts—First year—G. Blackstock, H. A. Driscoll, H. DuVer-net, F. M. McPhedran, C. V. Massey, A. B. Moffatt, J. C. Tibb, H. M. Tovell. Second year—D. E. S. Wishart, I. W. Dickson. Third year—N. M. Keith, R. P. Saunders. Fourth year—W. H. Goldstein.

Medicine—First year—Mahlengeni. Second year—P. D. Spohn. Third year—G. H. Wallace.

School of Science—First year—A. E. Alison, E. R. Allen, V. S. Chestnut, H. A. Cooch, T. Fergusson, V. T. Goggin, A. E. Gooderham, Jr., W. W. Gunn, G. G. Thomson, E. P. B. Palmer. Second year—A. E. Nourse. Third year—E. L. Cousins, F. Chestnut.





### EXCHANGES.

---

**W**E welcome the *Calendar* from Central High School, Buffalo. It is bright and witty, and contains some excellent little poems.

*Acta Victoriana* is on the whole the best magazine that we have received. In poetry, articles and stories alike a sustained high tone is struck.

*Acroama*, the tastefully printed paper of Miss Hake's school, is a magazine of undoubted merit. We notice somewhat too personal a tone.

*The Dalhousie Gazette* contains some excellent matter. We think it would be greatly improved by the addition of some illustrations.

The *McMaster Monthly* must be very interesting to McMaster men, as there is nothing in it to amuse anyone else. Its cover, however, is good.

*Acta Ridleiana* and the *Western Canada College Review* are both interesting, the former especially. Its illustrations are extremely well done.

E. M. W.

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### THE LAND OF BOY.

---

A wonderful land is the land of boy,  
Where the hands on the clock mark the moments of joy,  
Where the hills are sugar, the mountains are cake  
And the rivers flow into an ice-cream lake;  
Where candy grows on the forest trees  
And the fairies dwell with their mysteries:  
The land of boy—away, away  
Through the happy valleys of Golden Day!

The land of boy is a dear delight,  
Where the sun shines sweetly and soft and bright;  
Where the air is filled with the robin's song  
And the heart of venture beats bold and strong;  
Where hope's grave star burns clear and fair  
And the wine of the Summer is in the air:  
The land of boy—away, away  
The road winds down to the Golden Day!

There are tops and trinkets and marbles and books,  
Penknives, putty, and fishing-hooks;  
Printing presses and railroad trains,  
Wheelbarrows, wagons, and driving reins;  
Boats and whistles and hoops and skates,  
Sledges and sponges and drawing slates;  
The land of boy—away, away  
Over the hills of the Child-at-Play!

The land of boy is a sunny place,  
Where rosy cheeks and a smiling face,  
Where romp and laughter and chatter and gleam  
Go round and round till the meadows dream  
And the stars come out and the golden West  
Is red where the sun has gone to rest:  
The land of boy—away, away  
To the wand of fairy and elf and fay!

Merry games and the venture heart  
In the land of boy are a living part;  
Castle building and ships that sail  
On the pirate main, and the paths of whale;  
Hope and love and beauty and gleam—  
All, all are a part of the boy-land dream:  
To the land of boy I long to stray  
Through the happy valleys of Golden Day!

—*The Baltimore Sun.*



## *Skits.*

---

IN one of the term tests which occasionally take place one of the boys frequently spelled the word does "d-o-s-e." He was, however, kind enough to add a note that "dose" is *sometimes* spelt d-o-e-s.

When Crossen entered the sick-room he was heard to express a wish that his homework should be brought up to him each day. The wish, however, was not granted.

Lafferty, upon his arrival, before a throng of open-mouthed listeners, proclaimed the astonishing fact that he had performed an astounding feat by swimming around the "Calgary swimming tank" eight hundred times pushing his meals ahead of him on a board plank. This is not so remarkable, however, when we consider the size of the Calgary swimming tank.

Haywood, MacIntosh, Howe, Kapelle I. and Winchester have formed a club, which goes by the name of "The Chosen Few."

The sick-room's locked in,  
The school is locked out,  
And nobody knows  
Just what it's about.

Crowe (to Mr. H——, who has just found a ginger ale bottle in study)—"Please, sir, you can get a cent for that over at the tuck shop."

Forgie (to nurse)—"Have you got anything that would quiet my nerves?"

Nurse—"Why, what is the matter?"

Forgie—"I just got word my grandfather wasn't very well."

Literary New Boy (to nurse)—"Aren't you the guardian angel that attends to the wants of the inner man?" Oh, slush!

Mr. R.—“Barton, take an hour and put that apple away.”

Barton—“Please, sir, I'm putting it away as fast as I can.”

Miss L. (to Mr. R., who is entering the sick-room)—“Have you got your written order?”

Graham has become quite a fusser lately.

Perodeau—“Too much fooling is a lot.”

Ebrets—“Sir, is a pence half a penny?”

Perodeau says his face is to rent.

Mr. R. (to Perodeau, at 11 p.m.)—“What are you reading?”

Perodeau—“The Canadian History of Newfoundland, sir.”

A current question: “Will Mr. Cooper's uniform fit Mr. White?”

Dunc is quite a heart-breaker, is he not? Yes.

Wright—“Crossen asked me to come back next year, as they would be hard up for a first team full-back.”

Forgie (after he has seen a girl at the King Edward)—“My, I am so nervous.”

Forgie (indignantly)—“I met Mr. McGowan on the street and he did not look at me.”

Findlay (in study)—“Sir, how much detention have I?”

Master—“Fifteen quarters, and take two more for asking me!”

Flemming (from back of room)—“Keep it up, Findlay. You will be a millionaire soon.”

Master (to Bell, in class)—“Have you no studies.”

Bell—“No, sir!”

Master (after a pause)—“Lazyness personified.”



Cries from Rooms 34, 33 and 25—"Parcheesi."  
They have got it on the brain.

Mr. B. (to Burke)—"Burke, did you get the ink?"  
Burke—"N—no, sir; the ink was out!" (Laughter.)  
Burke—"Oh! oh! sir, I mean the bottle was out!"

De la Plante (to Mr. W.)—"Sir, isn't kitten plural of cat?"

The order in the Lower School dining-hall is unusually good at luncheon. A Copp and a Sheriff are always on hand.

Driscoll (to University College Registrar)—"What is the hardest course I can get for thirty-five dollars?"

Theo Moore—"I didn't see the Hippodrome the last time it was in Toronto, but I am going next time, you bet!"

Paterson I. (reading at table)—"The largest stake ever fought for was £4,500."

J. Frazer (quizzically)—"Sirloin steak?"

Mr. Bell—"Monro, what is the masculine of nun?"  
Monro—"Drake, sir."

Junior House Boy (to Burton)—"Hello, Dickie! Come down out of that!"

Burton—"Hello, Kid! Where are you?"

Mr. N. (to Ross I.)—"Ross, stop that!"  
Ross I.—"Sir, I wasn't doing anything. I just looked at him and he laughed."

Mr. N.—"I don't wonder!"

Master (to pupil)—"What date was the War of 1812?"

Davern (to Delaplante) II.—"Who won the match between U. C. C. and College?"

Delaplante—"Sixteen all."

Davern—"Who's favor?"

Tillman (to Mr. C.)—"Sir, why can't you get a lease for one hundred years in Queen's Park?"

Mr. C.—"Because ninety-nine reminds you of bargain day

Many parents have noticed a failing in their boys when they go home for the holidays. Too much salts, quinine and calomel.

Ike—"Guess I've sprained my finger."

Crossen—"Go down to the sick-room and get some calomel."

MacNeil—"Hastings looked rather gullish." . . . What did he mean?

It was only the kind intervention of the matron that prevented De la Plante from wearing his new-fangled sweater to church.

Sick-room Sentinel—"Who goes there?"

Mr. H. (to class)—"Did anybody see McKnight's book?"

McColl—"Sir, I saw a dog chewing something."

The bee it is a gentle thing,  
But still it doth know how to sting,  
And though their work I love to see,  
I always leave the honey bee.

—Cornell Widow.

'Tis the men who are busy as B B B B B  
That opportunity fleeting can C C C C C,  
For with wide-open I I I I I,  
They grow wondrously Y Y Y Y Y,  
And spend their old age in great E E E E E.

—Exchange.

Crowe (seeing the carcass of a large turkey go by his door)—  
"Alas! my poor brother."

Carling (to Anderson at Riverdale Park, seeing some horses with shaggy hair)—"Gee, look at the buffaloes."



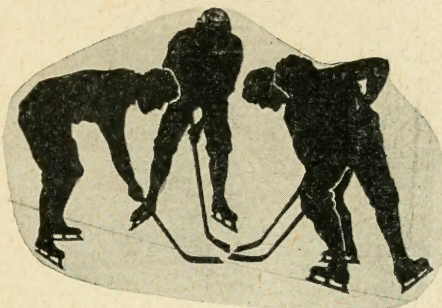
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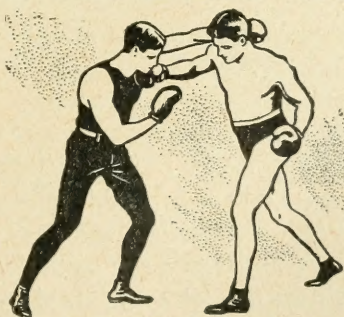
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**Etc.**

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Master (to Auld I.)—"Take a quarter for talking!"

Auld I.—"Sir, I wasn't talking."

Master—"Take two quarters. I saw your mouth open."

McColl—"Sir, he was just catching flies."

Burke (to Wood II., coming from church)—"Say, Rickey, don't call me Coozy on Sunday."

Master (to Shook, who is yawning)—"I would put my hand up, if I were you, and try to cover part of it."

Forgie (in his sleep)—"She is all right. I heard on pretty good authority that she had a crush on me."

Some one has been kind enough to give "Andy" a cake of soap to have a wash. It is up to the College to buy him a hair-cut.

During the water famine the table water was collected in rain barrels and then filtered through cheese cloth to keep out leaves and small sticks. It was commonly called "consomme."

Among the season's most popular novels is "How I won the sixth form Marathon," by F. Milligan.

### Tahiti.

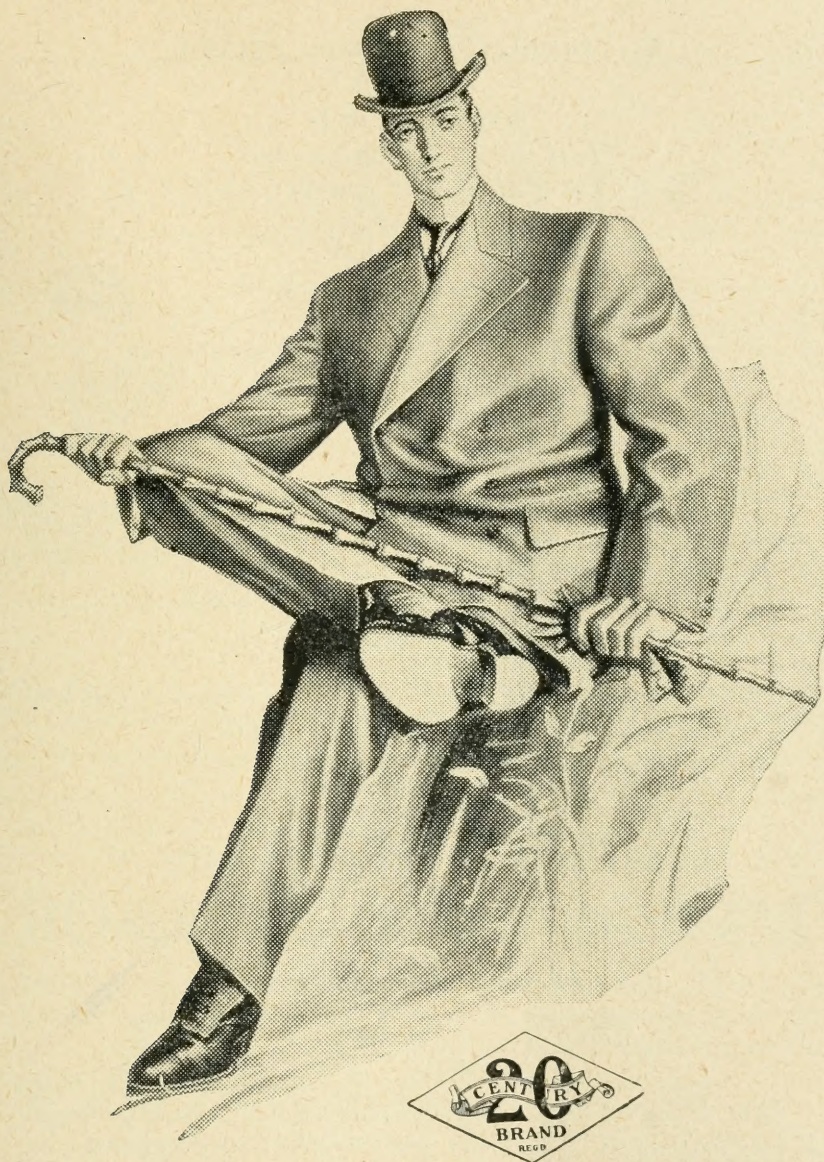
Over the rim of the world,  
Sunk in the dawn of the day,  
There lie for you and me  
The Isles of Far Away.

Haste we back to find them?  
It needs but you to say!  
Make sail and lay our course  
For the Isles of Far Away!

Lagoon and shore and bending palm—  
Why must it be nay?  
Youth and Love are calling  
From the Isles of Far Away!

—Lloyd Osborne, in *Appleton's Magazine* for October.





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 Travaille toute la journee:  
 Il fume sa vieille pipe  
 Au coin de la cheminee.  
 Ma mere est blanchisseuse,  
 Ma sœur fait le meme art,  
 Chez nous tout le monde travaille  
 Excepte mon vieillard,  
 Et it est flaneur.

—Exchange.

Copp I., after being sent out to look for nurse, returned in about three minutes, saying he couldn't find her.

Mr. C.—“Where did you look for her?”

Copp—“Downstairs, sir; top flat, and sick-room—(in an undertone)—and read most of the papers.”

Mr. C. (in geography class)—“The first steamboat was built in Quebec, and she was called the Royal William.”

Auld I.—“Sir, she must have been a he, then.”

It is said that Taylor II. was actually here for roll call on Wednesday morning.

“Trixy” Gunn isn't half missed since Ponsford came.

Isn't it queer that on the 26th of November the new boys got the blacking, but when the water wagon went around the flat afterwards the old boys got soaked?

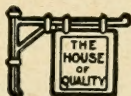
Yes, Horace Fraser was greatly missed by his roommates, but it isn't so bad now, as another promising B. C. breeze has sprung up in No. 3.

Where did Rogers get his roses?

Rogers is truly a vegetarian. He just loves Eaton roses.

This year the Stanley Cup is going to New Glasgow. Yes. No.





(REGISTERED)

## Young Men's Furs



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130-132 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

Our Calgary "sport" had only been in the city half an hour when clang went two cents on peanuts.

There's sure to be "somethin' doin'" in 16 when the breezes from Calgary and New Glasgow cross.

"Give her time!"

"You have a right to have been gated before already!"

It is reported that Laferty threatened to leave the school because the Principal would not let him wear a monacle.

Crossen (to the team in the Upper Canada match)—"Cheer up, fellows! We'll have to humor these children!"

"The Saints are on the bum!

The Saints are on the bum!

Heigho for Jericho,

The Saints are on the bum!"

Wonder who sang this to the *News* correspondent? Quite evident, eh? What state must poor U. C. C. have been in!

U. C. C. says, "Just wait till hockey." We waited last year, but we must have been disappointed!

Under the depressing influences of a losing game U. C. C. developed a remarkably strong imagination, going to the extent of thinking that they out-rooted the Saints.

The Monsieur Poitrinas of the year 2000 (as he discloses a battered-up megaphone in one of his excavations in the Rosedale grounds—"Il ya desâues qui pretendent que les Romains ne counaissaunt pas le football!")

"Stay thur!"

Football equations:

S. A. C. scrim + U. C. C. scrim = scrap.

S. A. C. kick + S. A. C. wings = 80 yards gained.

U. C. C. + ball = instantaneous connection with S. A. C. wings.

Crossen + ball = touch-down.

23 = skidoo!

Canas (criticizing one of his roommate's efforts to decorate his corner.)—"Dansboom!"



# Studies of Plant Life in Canada

By Catharine Parr Traill

With 8 Engravings in natural colors and 12 half-tone engravings from drawings by Agnes D. Chamberlin

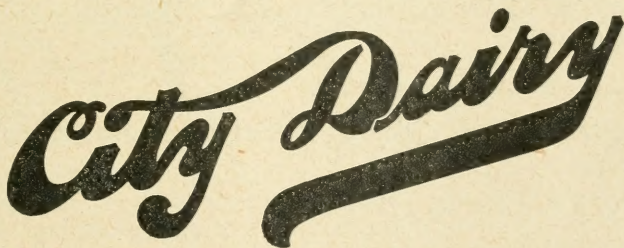
Lovers of the wildflowers will be pleased to learn that a revised edition of Mrs. Traill's valuable work (long a prize for book collectors) has been issued. No expense has been spared to make this edition, in typography, illustration, and binding, worthy of the text. The author—one of the famous Strickland sisters, whose contributions to English literature were many and important—in this volume gave to the public the result of her observations and research during a long residence in Canada. Prof. Macoun and Dr. Fletcher, the "fathers of Canadian botany," describe the book as "a record of close observation, together with an intelligent consideration and accurate description of what was seen, helpful to those who are actively engaged in education, and attractive to all lovers of wildflowers from the large number of plants dealt with in an accurate but quaint and original manner." They further remark that "the value of the book is much enhanced by the large number of plates by Mrs. Chamberlin, the well-known artist of Canadian wildflowers." It is one of the books no Canadian library should be without.

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SPADINA CRESCENT

Findlay (reading from the grammar)—“The grammar class is taught by Miss H——.”

Chase and Carver (returning from the office on a certain occasion)—“The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places!”

Say, Phoebe, don't ask Mr. Reithmeyer every French expression Forgie tells you to.

The goat is said to have got hold of Hale's shirt.

“Slow as the water on the top flat.”

If you hear a knock at your door at 2 a.m., don't get scared; it's only Jerry Burke looking for snap photos for THE REVIEW contest.

Appropriate hymn verses for the various school units:

Cadet Corps—“To keep your armor bright attend with constant care.”

Isthmian Club—“Fight the good fight.”

Track team—“Run the straight race.”

“Recruits” in the sick-room—“Faint not, nor fear.”

Gated bunch—“A glorious band, the chosen few.”

Detention drill—“O happy band of pilgrims!”

College “officials” (Toothpick, Willie, Joe, Eliza, etc.)—

“A noble army, men and boys, the matron and the maid.”

Master (to one of the Beaty twins)—“Are you yourself or your brother?”

Wright—or—Forgie secundus.

The latest College delicacy: “Fricassee football covers and headgears.”

“Look into your book!”

In geography period:

Denovan—“Dufferin—Orangeville.”

Hertzburg—“Oh, sir, is that where oranges come from?”

Copping (to McLagan)—“Gosh! It's great to be crazy!”

Mr. C. (to Sands)—“Sands, where are your boots?”

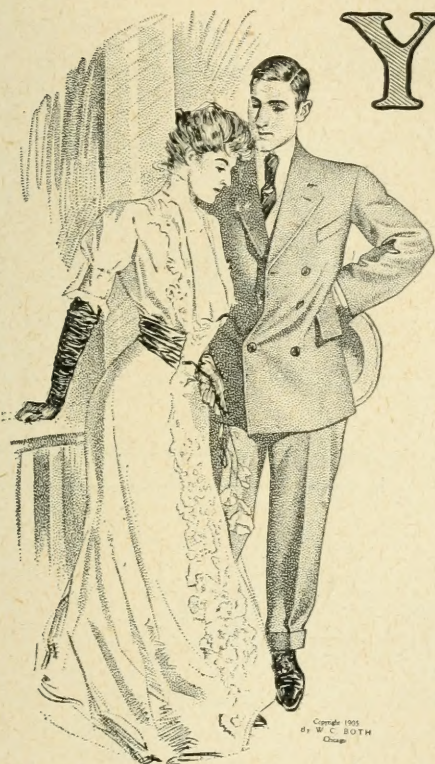
Sands—“On my feet, sir!”

Copping (to master)—“Sir, won't you take off that hour? It's my birthday?”

Master—“Well, take another for a birthday present!”



# A Young Man's Store



**Y**OUNG MEN set the fashions. If it were left to their fathers, style in men's dress would come to a stand-still.

Recognizing the young man as chief factor, the Men's Store has exercised special effort to please him. We pride ourselves upon the perfection to which we have brought our ready-to-wear clothing. Difficult, indeed, to choose between our ready-to-wear clothes and the average tailor-made garments. In clothing alone the Men's Store will save you many a dollar and give you unbounded satisfaction.

In Furnishings, too, we carry a full economically priced stock of all that a particular young man needs. You can buy anything here, from collars to hosiery, from underwear to an overcoat, from a hat to a pair of boots. We can make you a suit of clothes to your order equal to that of the most exclusive tailors, and we'll charge you the Simpson prices, which saves you all extravagance.

Do drop in and see our summer suits of English tweeds and worsteds. They will convince you.

MEN'S STORE, RICHMOND STREET WING.

THE  
ROBERT

**SIMPSON**

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TORONTO

Master—"Shook, take that expression off your face! You'd make a man nervous sitting in front of that."

Hastings II. (as a sparrow flew through the dining-room window)—"Crow, were you as daring as that in your childhood?"

Wright—"Well, if I shouldn't catch the III.'s, I've got the IV.'s pinched, anyway."

Shook—"I wonder if the tuck-lady will give me a nickel's worth of candy on my face."

Wright—"I think I have the Junior championship easy."

Martin—"I think I'll have to follow the fad and get a pair of glasses!"

"Vere is Fienly?"

Here's to our next year's football captain ——!  
Ain't MacNeil a cute kid?

## St. Andrew's Shields

- ❑ St. Andrew's College Shields in two styles are to be had at Diamond Hall.
- ❑ The College Coat-of-Arms in Enamel Effect on a Brass Mount (9 inches by 7 inches) sells for only \$1.00.
- ❑ A Massive Bronze Coat-of-Arms on Solid Oak Shield (16 inches by 17 inches) sells for \$7.50.
- ❑ College Pins are another specialty of our Insignia Department. Designs and estimates given on application.

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